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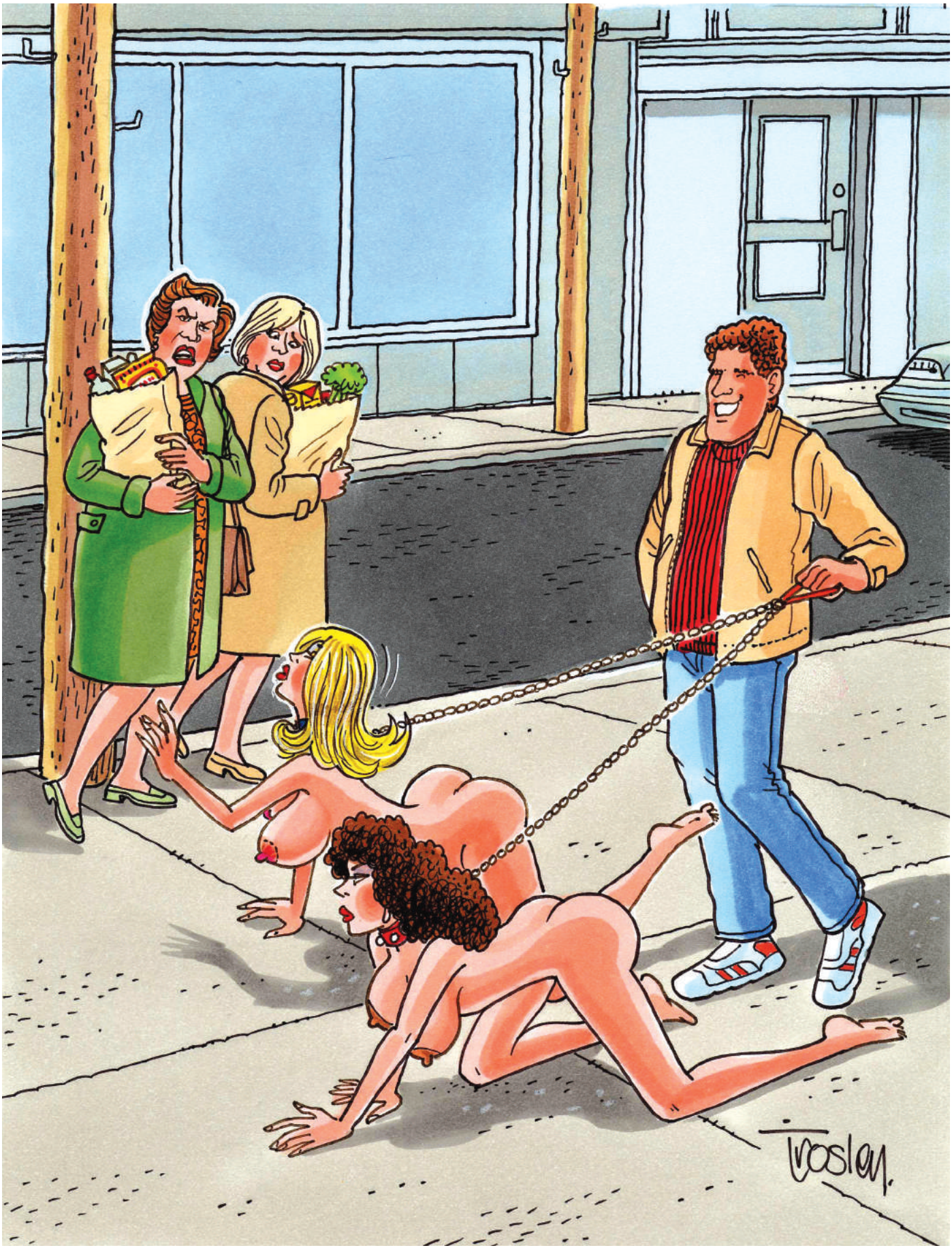

"There needs to be stronger legislation forbidding the keeping of exotic pets."

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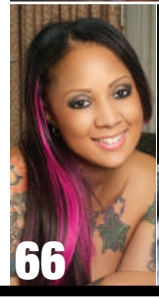

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Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky

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ABOUT AMERICANS ELECT

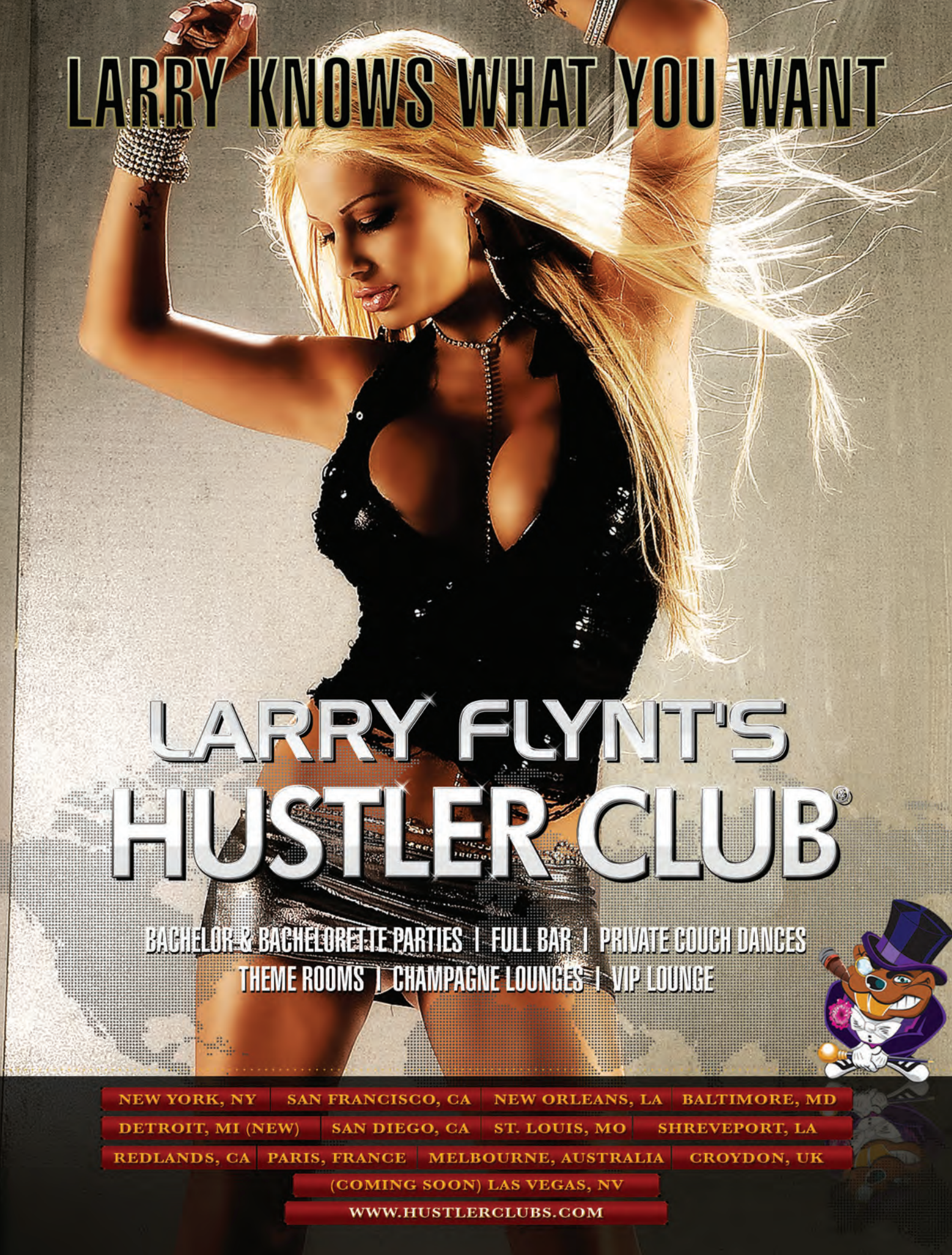
A group calling itself Americans Elect intends to let you, the average citizen, select candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency via the Internet. In effect a third party, its plan is to reduce the initial flood of nominees down to a pool of six through three rounds of voting. Then an online convention will select the final candidates. The only rule, say the organizers, is that a Democrat must run with a Republican or an independent and vice versa.

Sounds promising. However, while saying transparency is its goal, Americans Elect is in fact a shadowy organization with possible ties to Wall Street. More alarming, according to Richard Hasen at Politico.com, the Americans Elect board "is to have unfettered discretion in picking a committee that can boot the Presidential ticket chosen by voters."

As the Republicans have proven this primary season, our current system for nominating a President is a travesty. Thanks to unlimited corporate donations, the worst, least-qualified people can rise to the top as long as they say and do what their backers expect.

Given the foregoing, there can be little doubt that we need a new system for electing our leaders. However, I'm not sure Americans Elect is the one.

Larry Flynt
Publisher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ENERGY SACK

There is nothing worse than reaching into your backpack to get your cell phone, iPad or iPod and finding that it's dead. How great it would be to have a bag that actually charged your electronic devices while they sat there! Well, the new **Powerbag** is for you. The ultimate charging system, it allows you to connect up to four mobile devices at a time using pre-routed connectors set to fit everything from a smartphone to an iPad. Just plug in your gadgets and go with this rugged and stylish bag. Choose from the messenger bag, backpack or briefcase, all of which have plenty of room for books, clothes or whatever. At the end of the day, the **Powerbag** itself can be recharged by just plugging it into an AC outlet.

Available at ***MyPowerbag.com*** and at electronics retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price starts at $139.99.

ILLUMINATING FORCE

You can never have enough *Star Wars* stuff. At least George Lucas thinks so. That's why your naked nightstand or deserted desk is crying out for the officially licensed ***Star Wars*** **MP3 Alarm Clock Lamp**. It's the ultimate all-in-one functional collectible. The bobblehead-looking unit, which features an alarm clock, not only provides light (there's a 25-watt bulb) but also audio via the port for your MP3 player. The ultracool gizmo runs on AC power or three AA batteries (not included) and is offered in two villainous styles: Darth Vader and Boba Fett. Use the Force, or a credit card, to buy one today.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

WAKE UP!

Hey, you, you heard your boss. He said that if you show up late for work again, you're fired! Now there's no way you can say, "I slept through my alarm" again. Originally designed to help people with hearing issues, the **Amplicom TCL 200** is just the thing you need to get your ass up in the morning. The clock has an exceptionally loud signal (adjustable to 90 decibels), dual time settings, five language choices (English, Spanish, French, German and Italian) and runs on an AC cord with two AAA batteries for power outage backup. You can also connect the **TCL 200** to an outside line to use your home phone as an additional alarm. If that doesn't work, the clock also comes complete with a vibrating pad you can place under your mattress to jump start your day. So get a **TCL 200**, get up and get to work on time! Those burgers aren't going to flip themselves.

Available at ***Teltex.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.95.

GAME ON

What can we say about Sony's **PlayStation 3**, the greatest gaming system of all time, that you don't already know? It lets you play the hottest video games with stellar sound and amazing graphics. But you probably knew that already. The new **PlayStation 3** features NVIDIA graphics and an IBM cell processor that enables the unit to perform two trillion calculations per second. Plus you can use the 160GB **PS3** to play Blu-ray discs and stream movies and Internet content. You might have known that too. The only thing it can't do is make sweet love. Trust us; we've tried. But did you know we have one to give away? You buy this magazine, and that allows us to get a paycheck, so we love you! Because of that, we're giving away a **PlayStation 3 (160GB)** to one lucky reader. See details on this page.

Available at ***Store.Sony.com*** and at electronics retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

GET A PS3 FOR FREE!

For your chance to win a Sony **PlayStation 3 (160GB)**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to **PlayStation 3 Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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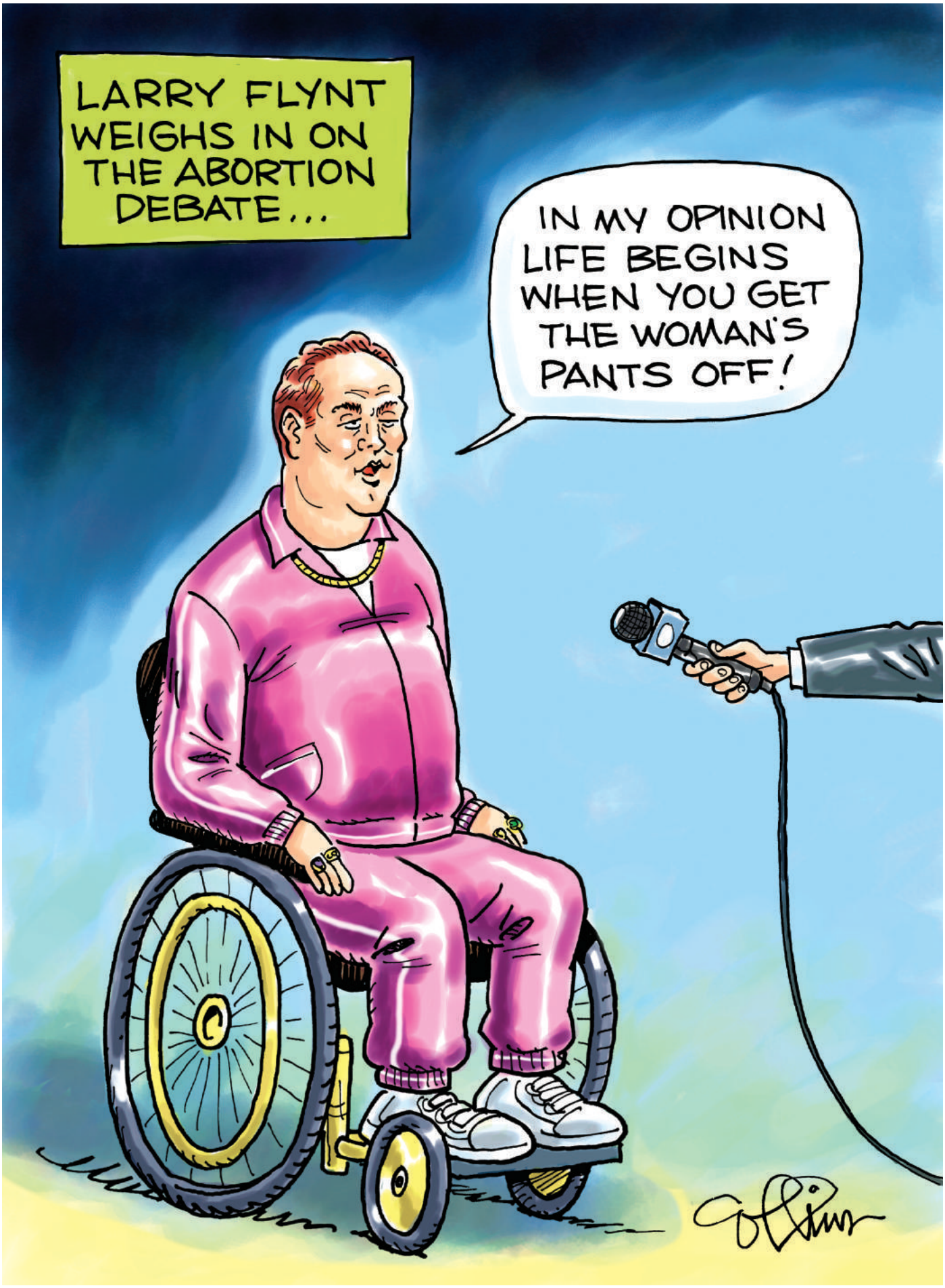

LARRY FLYNT WEIGHS IN ON THE ABORTION DEBATE...
IN MY OPINION LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU GET THE WOMAN'S PANTS OFF!

WAYWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

WOULD JESUS VOTE FOR REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE NEWT GINGRICH?

If not for the well-established fact that most Republican primary voters are breathtakingly stupid, a columnist could safely assume that the Presidential campaign of Newt Gingrich would have collapsed by the time this is read. But never underestimate the ability of this particular blowhard to stick around. He has turned political hypocrisy into an art form and the debate over moral values into a carnival of competing sexual indulgences.

After all, Newt's campaign only took off last fall because of the revelations of Herman Cain's serial infidelities, exposing the then-front-running family values candidate as a hypocrite who had allegedly sexually harassed several work colleagues. That sort of scandal is a difficult one for the Republican base to accept since its political theology proceeds from the notion that the second coming of Ronald Reagan was betrayed when the diabolical Bill Clinton was orally serviced by a lowly White House intern. There went the God-given City on the Hill to be replaced by gay marriages, the 9/11 attacks and the housing meltdown, all plagues cast upon us by that instrument of the devil, Representative Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts), a former chairman of the mighty House Financial Services Committee.

Not Bill Clinton, who—while devilish enough—had the saving grace of being a good ol' white hetero Southern boy like George W. Bush and Newt on the Republican side. That expectation of white male depravity, as Confederate as pecan pie, is what allowed Gingrich to take Cain's place as the front-runner in Republican primary polls last December because, in the deepest of Southern scripture, there is the assumption that when a "colored fellow" even looks at a woman, he's already committed rape. But for a white dude, there is really no such thing as a sexual crime. Unless, of course, he marries a man.

Gingrich has kept his Christian values scorecard sufficiently high enough with most right-wing moral wing-nuts to be taken seriously as a Presidential contender. As to why some women have been willing to share their most intimate gifts with this despicable lout is for one of their gender to explain. But despicable Gingrich has been, with a trail of philandering so indelibly defined that it, on its own, obliterates any GOP claim to the moral high ground.

Don't ever forget that in 1995 the Republican majority elected Newt Speaker of the House, third in line to succeed the President, when his sordid personal life was already known. That includes—in order to marry the woman with whom he was having an affair—discussing divorce terms with his cancer patient wife Jackie (Newt's high school math teacher) while visiting her in the hospital a day after she had surgery.

Gingrich didn't stop with betraying just one wife. No indeed, he was just getting started, hypocritically cheating on his second wife with an employee while he was leading the charge against Bill Clinton for doing the same thing.

And Gingrich didn't stop with betraying just one wife. No indeed, he was just getting started, hypocritically cheating on his second wife with an employee while he was leading the charge against Bill Clinton for doing the same thing. Although Newt was truer to Southern tradition, grabbing *his* satisfaction in the backseat of an American-made car.

Marianne Ginther, whom Gingrich had met at a 1980 Republican fund-raiser, said he asked her to marry him before his divorce from Jackie. He shed Marianne after learning his second wife had a disease that could lead to multiple sclerosis, she said, calling her on Mother's Day 1999 to drop the D-bomb. In 2000, Gingrich wed Callista Bisek, a Congressional aide more than two decades younger than Newt, with whom he had a six-year affair—while he was Speaker!

And Gingrich had the chutzpah to ask the Catholic Church to annul his 18-year marriage to Marianne because she reportedly had been previously married. Imagine the nonstop Fox News hysteria if the Democrats had elevated John Edwards to that level of national responsibility after the ugly truth was known of the Democrat's comparable family betrayal.

While there are plenty of further salacious details that Gingrich will have to keep to himself during confessionals, I wonder if he converted to Catholicism in part because a church with so many sexual scandals of its own might be more forgiving of Newt's sins. However, the Republican's moral decadence in the economic arena should prove more problematic to a religion fond of invoking the example of Jesus.

Gingrich is all too typical of the corrupt moneychangers that Jesus threw out of the temple. As Newt was forced to acknowledge during the campaign, he received $1.6 million from Freddie Mac (the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation), one of the leading financial entities that enabled the greatest swindle of the poor whom Jesus sought to protect. Nor could Newt get away with saying that Freddie Mac was just one of them damn "guvnment banks" and that he was merely a humble historian warning the banksters of their errant ways.

On the contrary, Gingrich served as a false prophet for Freddie Mac, claiming at the height of the housing bubble that this "government-sponsored" financial institution should be the model for the nation's major enterprises, including NASA. In reality, Freddie Mac is a privately owned company that is traded on the stock market and pays its highest-ranking executives in the $10 million-a-year range.

The government-sponsored angle meant only that the taxpayers would end up paying for all of Freddie Mac's bad debts while the housing swindlers, from their own lucratively rewarded top execs to their banking partners among the biggest Wall Street banks, made out like bandits. Just like Newt Gingrich.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

It's the ECONOMY Stupid!
it's the NIGGER in the WHITE HOUSE STUPID!

NO PRIVACY LEFT FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN?

BIG BROTHER CAN DIG UP LOTS OF PERSONAL INFO—BUT SOME IS JUST HOGWASH.

Among the Congressional Republican leadership, there has been no active concern about ever-increasing government spying on you, me and the rest of us. So too among the GOP's leading contenders for the Presidency. However, a lone wolf emerged during the party's 11th debate when Ron Paul almost roared: "Our founders were very clear. They said, 'Don't be willing to sacrifice liberty for security!'" All but one of Paul's rivals made sharply clear they felt he was going too far with this personal liberty stuff.

As lackeys of our master spy, Barack Obama, Democratic lawmakers and high-level officials no doubt concur. Even among Americans who were once taught that the Fourth Amendment guaranteed each of us freedom from "unreasonable search and seizure" by the government, how many know that in 1967 the Supreme Court went further? Its *Katz* v. *United States* decision assured that we citizens have an "expectation of privacy" in certain areas of our lives.

Can you think of anywhere that such an "expectation of privacy" now exists? Consider this October 14, 2011, banner in the Washington-based *Daily Caller*: "House subcommittee chair: Is Obama admin. already collecting private health information?"

This grim rumor did arouse, briefly, Representative Denny Rehberg (R-Montana), who chairs the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Labor, Health & Human Services, and Education. Rehberg demanded that he be told whether the health-collecting information was true: "If so, it would represent an egregious violation of the privacy rights that the American public rightfully demands."

The Obama team denies, robotically of course, that such private information is being collected. But if the President is reelected, despite whatever the Supreme Court decides about Obamacare, his passion for health rationing will grow, and the government will insist on knowing those elements of our healthcare that are too costly for him to maintain.

A few members of the minority Republican Party in the next Congress may be upset, but I'm not aware if there is likely to be anyone in the GOP leadership with anything to say about this invasion of your inner privacy.

Keep in mind that when Obama extended the tenure of FBI Director Robert Mueller—who, with far more intrusive technology than J. Edgar Hoover ever imagined, regularly grinds down the Fourth Amendment—the confirming vote was unanimous. Not a whisper about our "expectation of privacy."

And did you know that the FBI and the Department of Homeland Security are now testing ways to determine if someone is only thinking about or imagining some deep danger to our safety?

As long as the First Amendment is still robustly alive, I and other insistent protectors of privacy will keep to the task: trying to inform the citizenry that although we are not already subjects of a "police state," living in a world that is increasingly adding police states means we are not absolutely immune from making security the ultimate priority of this nation. All the more so because murderous terrorism, under whatever nomenclature, continues to breed new generations of assassins while citizens become more conditioned to privacy being as anachronistic as traditional matrimony.

Have you heard any criticism of Mueller's fully implementing the FBI domestic security rules that give his agents free rein to start a "threat assessment" (i.e., an investigation) of any of us without going to a judge and without any evidence of a crime having been committed?

And did you know that the FBI and the Department of Homeland Security are now testing ways to determine if someone is only thinking about or imagining some deep danger to our safety? This pre-crime detection by Big Brother is called "FAST." I'll be reporting on it soon.

Dig this additional Robert Mueller contribution for our next Fourth of July celebrations: Under the header "Is the American Way of Life Over as We Know It?" a *WorldNetDaily* article warned, "Next time you call a talk radio station, beware: The FBI may be listening."

The story mentioned this ominous news from **WMAL.com**: "The FBI has awarded a $524,927 contract to a Virginia company to record as much radio news and talk programming as it can find on the Internet. … The FBI says it is not playing Big Brother by policing the airwaves but rather seeking access to what airs as potential evidence."

Huh? This databasing also includes callers. On many such programs, listeners given an opportunity to express themselves on-air can be even more fiercely opinionated than the hosts. And, as I've already reported in HUSTLER, the FBI is now after your garbage.

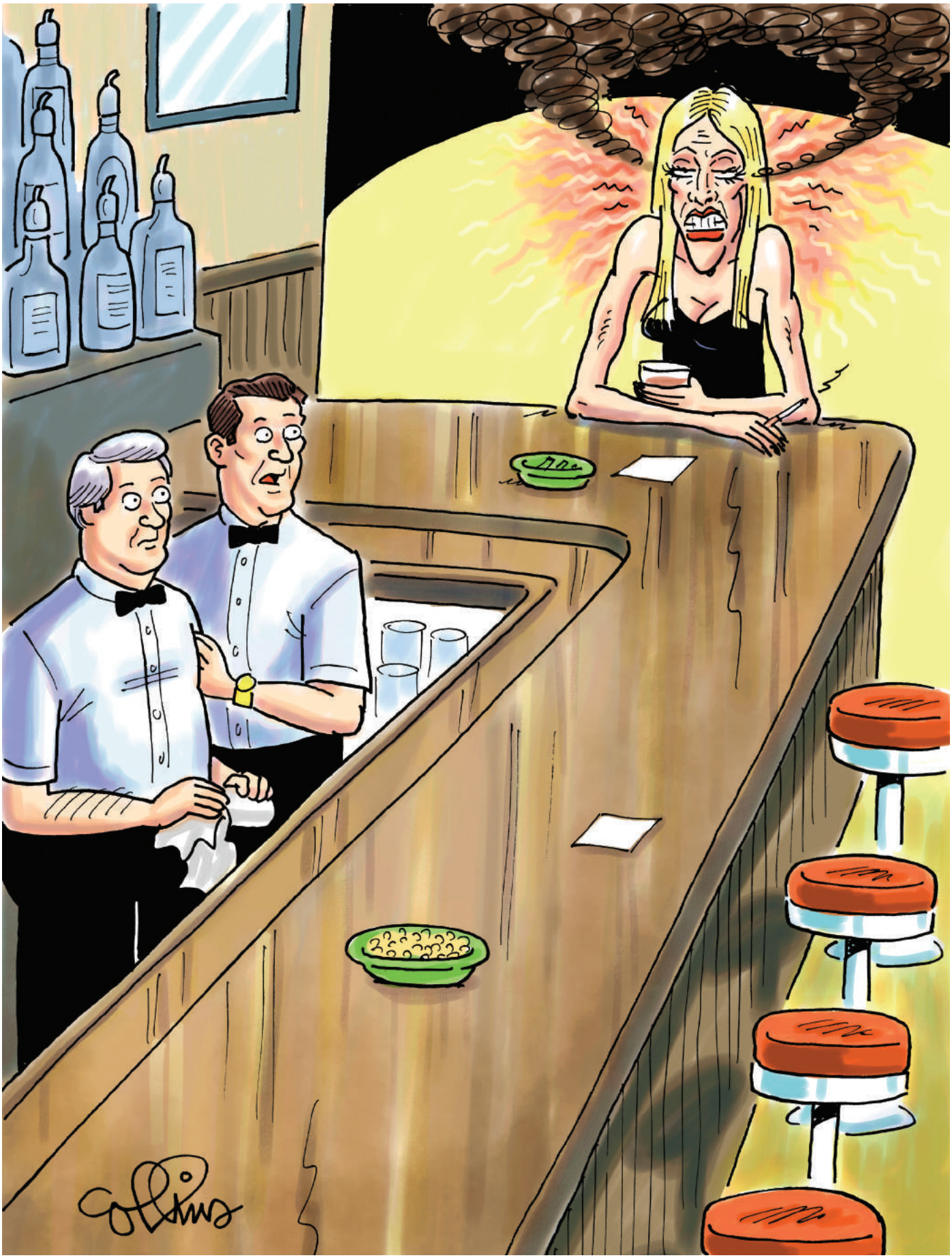
On what basis? In the *Boston Herald*, Dan K. Thomasson explained that "[the FBI's scrutinizing of trash] would be particularly [vital] if you have had any contact, knowingly or unknowingly, socially or otherwise, with someone the bureau finds suspicious."

Maybe someone who called in complaining that Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity or Michael Savage was being too mild. Hey, I was a guest of both Limbaugh and Savage and also of Mark Levin. Now what did I say that might be suspicious? Isn't it about time I taped my call-ins to protect myself?

A friend of mine's grandchild is seven years old. He's already quite outspoken and has been reading voraciously. Would the FBI pay attention to a little boy? Well, the kid is so verbal and rambunctious, he just might call in to a radio station. Maybe a listening Robert Mueller agent would be curious about the patriotism of his parents or grandparents. I'm only joking, right?

My first job, when I was a 12-year-old during the Great Depression, was in a Boston haberdashery. I couldn't remember the store's name when I was writing my first memoir, *Boston Boy: Growing Up With Jazz and Other Rebellious Passions* (Paul Dry Books). But there it was in my FBI file along with my having attended, years ago, a meeting of radicals in North Africa. I've never been to Africa—North or South.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*



"Ann Coulter is pissed that she's no longer the craziest asshole in the GOP!"

DON'T BANK ON THE BANKS

WHY I'M LOSING INTEREST.

When I was a boy, I always wondered why older people said, "When I was a boy…" Now, as I turn into an old codger, I find myself saying those very words with increasing frequency. Could it be that each successive generation uses that phrase because things just keep getting worse?

For example, when I was a boy, we loved banks. Back then, getting your own savings account was a rite of passage. It came with a passbook. Every now and then, I'd trot down to the bank to hand over my 25 cents, which the teller would graciously enter into the book's ledger. It was a cheap thrill, watching the total rise. Of course, this was the bank's sneaky way of getting me hooked on the greed of capitalism. But what the hell? It was giving me 5% interest.

As I got older, not only was the interest there, but if I opened a new account, I got a toaster. Then there was the Christmas Club. I'd put away money for 50 weeks; the interest was compounded; and at the end of the year, I got a big check that gave me enough money to engage in another capitalist tradition—buying holiday presents.

If you wanted to buy a car, the bank was there to loan you money at reasonable—albeit government-controlled—interest rates. You got a booklet with coupons, and every month for three years you'd send a coupon to the bank with your payment. When you ripped out the last coupon, it was time to buy a new car because Detroit built in planned obsolescence, which cleverly coincided with the final payment.

Buying a house was a breeze. The friendly bank manager was there to help you achieve the American Dream of home ownership. After 20 years, the place was yours. And if somewhere along the way there was a bump in your financial road, the bank was there to help get you through it.

When I grew up in San Francisco, Bank of America—started in 1904 by Amadeo Giannini as the Bank of Italy—was *the* place to put your money. Giannini had a laudable operating premise: He would loan money to immigrants. Until then, loans were only for the rich. If you were poor and trying to start a business, no one would finance you. Giannini was so determined to succeed that he wouldn't even let the 1906 earthquake stop him. Once the tremors subsided, Giannini rescued his money from the rubble of his bank. Making a desk out of a plank and two barrels, the banker set up shop on the street so he could make loans to anyone who needed to rebuild.

So what happened to BofA? Today it's maybe the most despised bank in America. That's partly due to its acquisition of Countrywide Financial, which held 20% of all mortgages in this country. At the peak of Countrywide's problems, it became a focal point of the mortgage meltdown. Owning one out of every four mortgages, BofA began throwing people out of their homes at a phenomenal rate. Hear that noise? It's Amadeo Giannini rolling over in his grave.

Today I find myself a customer of this Simon Legree-like institution. Once, I seem to remember, when I made a deposit into my savings account, the bank paid me about 5% interest for the use of my money. In my current savings account with BofA, I have around $17,000. For the use of that money, it pays me a measly 62 cents each month. Quick math puts the interest rate at .0000364%.

Meanwhile, these assholes lend my money to someone else at 16% or more. That, in days gone by, was considered usury. You could get better rates from your corner loan shark. The difference between the two: losing the use of your legs as opposed to losing your life as you know it.

Recently, BofA decided it was going to charge the bank's debit cardholders a monthly $5 usage fee. The public got so mad, they started closing accounts in record numbers. BofA retracted the plan, but you can bet the bank is looking for other ways to screw its customers. One of the new plans is to charge for using the tellers.

I know what you're saying: "Why don't you go to another bank?" I really can't. They're all the same. How about credit unions? There are drawbacks. So what's the solution? Buy a bigger mattress!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

"What this country needs is a government that is truly for all the people! Well, all the rich, white people!"

"Yesterday I was quoted as saying, 'I'd like to fuck Kim Kardashian and shoot my load down her goddamn throat!' What I meant to say was 'If elected, I'll lower taxes and create jobs.'"

The Gay Question

I have a request. Can you please offer a million dollars to Rick Perry to choose to be gay for 30 days? If it is a choice, then he should be able to do it. Same goes for Tom Pedigo, Pat Robertson, Rick Santorum, etc. **—Carolyn Cathey**
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Grade on a Curve

Despite being a lifelong HUSTLER fan, I have a pet peeve. When I turned to Brittanys Bod's pictorial [*Cybersexy*, January '12], my mouth began to water, and my cock was instantly hard. But sometimes when a voluptuous woman is featured, I notice you avoid showing her figure. If the model is standing, she is covered up with way too much fabric.

I like a girl who's a little soft, and I don't mind seeing belly or curvy hips. All that is lost when she's on all fours or on her back. I like seeing that too, but you're missing the point of having a full-figured bombshell. **—John**
Augusta, Georgia

Heating Up

First of all, I want to say I am a liberal. The story *Conservatives vs. Liberals: Born to Disagree* in the January '12 issue might be the dumbest load of bullshit I've ever read. Do you really think anyone believed that horseshit?

Seriously, if you don't want to be seen as a laughingstock or a fucking joke instead of the home of hot pussy, then stop with the political bullshit stories. And if Larry Flynt really approves of shit like that, then HUSTLER is doomed, and Larry just needs to go to his grave. Hell awaits him. **—Brad Zilinsky**
Mankato, Minnesota

May Flowers

I'd really like to thank all of you fine folks at LFP for the wonderful pictorial of Vynessa Orchid [*Flowering Beauty*, January '12]. She looks a bit like a younger Shannen Doherty, only hotter! This beautiful young lady literally makes my cock tingle. I fantasize about sniffing, licking, kissing, sucking and tongue-fucking every bit of Vynessa's succulent body.

The only complaint I have is that there were no truly revealing pictures of what must be one of the most heavenly and delicious-looking buttholes in the universe. That's my favorite part of a chick. Surely you must have at least one photo that shows Vynessa's beautiful browneye. **—R.P.**
Hazleton, Pennsylvania

Slave for Hire

When I got the January '12 issue, I was excited to see Spencer Scott [*Born to Pose*] and Brittanys Bod. That's why I'm begging for their return. I'd also like them to become adult movie stars. They can give great joy to their fans by further exposing their beauty in a beneficial job. I also request that they wear up-to-the-ass stockings, push-up bras, all black and learn the various aspects of the female domination of men. I'd be a happy slave.
—F.P.
Lynn, Massachusetts

Mind and Matter

The BEST OF HUSTLER magazine contained an outstanding article by Harry Walsh on HAARP [*America's Secret Weapon?*] that was also in your March '11 issue. But it lacked any reference to the MK-ULTRA mind control technology—satellite-directed energy beams a/k/a wireless terrorism. Your recent *Doomsday Survival Guide* by M. Allen Nathan [January '12] also makes no mention of the MK-ULTRA threat.

Fans couldn't get enough of bodacious, blond beauties like Spencer Scott.

On March 1, 2011, dozens of witnesses who were targeted gave chilling testimonies to the Presidential Commission for the Study of Bioethical Issues. I'd very much like to see HUSTLER feature Cathy O'Brien, who survived the CIA's MK-ULTRA project, won a federal court case, was interviewed by Mark Phillips last August on international talk radio and explicitly detailed the bizarre sexual acts she was forced to commit with Beltway political insiders. **—Mark Beecher**
Suisun City, California

Blonde Ambition

You showcased the knockout blonde Brittanys Bod on the Holiday '11 issue's *Coming Next* page. Then you brilliantly place on the January '12 cover another hot blonde, Spencer Scott, just as she is taking off her pink bra. Miss Scott is exactly what the world needs a lot more of: a long-haired blonde with big jugs!

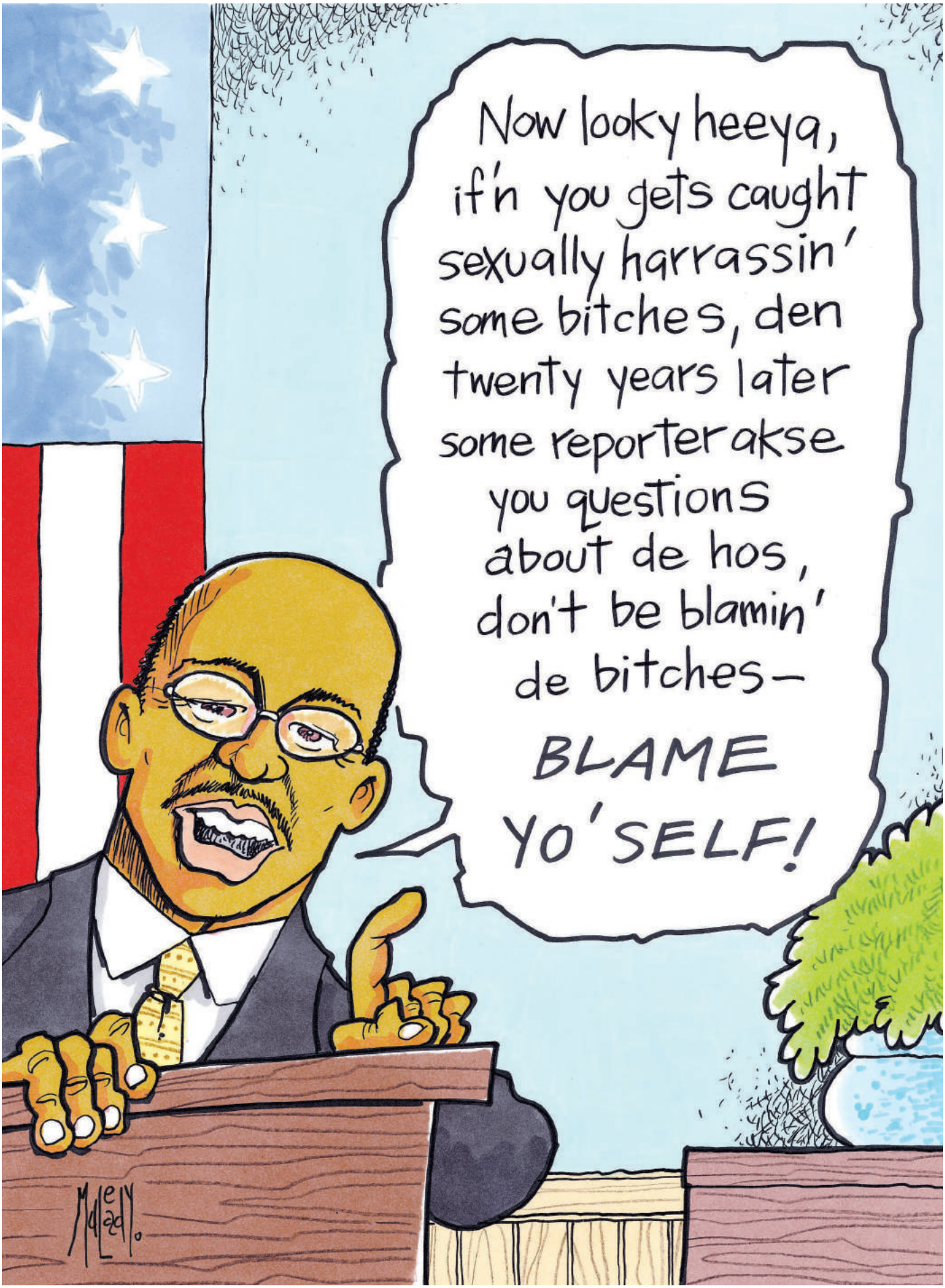
Earl Miller's pictures of Spencer ranged from good to better to superb. It's one of your best centerfolds in a long time. I like how Spencer placed the dildo where my dick belongs and how she fingers herself. The only problem was that she kept her bra and panties on way too long. Let's see lots more of Spencer. And her huge twins! **—Bill Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

Box of Chocolate

I would like to see pictorials of Evanni Solei and Jynx Maze. I prefer black women with small butts. From photos I've seen of them in your *Erotic Entertainment* section, it looks like Evanni may be one of these rare women. Jynx has a lovely pierced set of orbs. Both look very pretty.

By the way, your centerfold of Monicca [*A Touch of Leopard*, December '11] is stunningly beautiful. Monicca is really an amazing woman. Kudos to photographer Matti Klatt. **—Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


Now looky heeya, if'n you gets caught sexually harrassin' some bitches, den twenty years later some reporter akse you questions about de hos, don't be blamin' de bitches— BLAME YO'SELF!
MaLeady

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area

COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

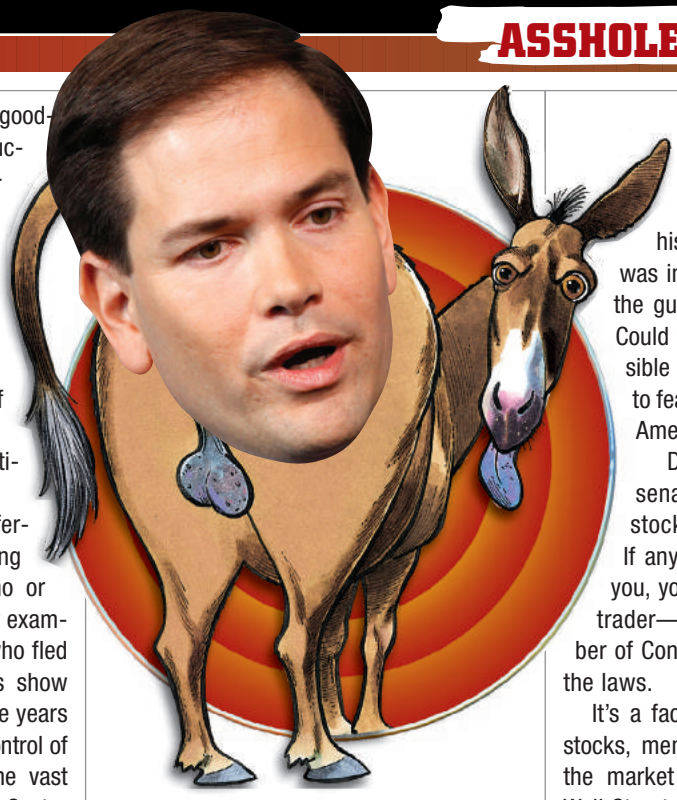
Johnson & Johnson Baby Shampoo

No Tears…and Just a Little Bit of Cancer

At Johnson & Johnson, we're all about worry-free parenting. No parent wants to see a kid crying in the tub, which is why we invented our special No More Tears formula. No tears means there's nothing to worry about!

It's true that our flagship baby shampoo line contains quaternium-15, a chemical that releases formaldehyde, which is a known carcinogen. But we put so little of the stuff in there, you'll never notice. If your baby does get cancer, it probably won't happen for years and years. At that point, you won't even remember that you used to lovingly rub a cancer-causing substance into your little one's hair every night.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary about how some of the Johnson & Johnson baby shampoo sold in the United States, Canada, Australia, China and Indonesia contains quaternium-15. This chemical can cause skin rashes and was recently acknowledged by the U.S. government to be a recognized carcinogen. Johnson & Johnson is clearly capable of formulating shampoo without quaternium-15; it sells such versions in other countries and offers a more expensive "natural" version of its baby shampoo in America. Johnson & Johnson has pledged to phase out use of the chemical, but the company is still using it almost two years after the issue first came to light. For more information, visit the Campaign for Safe Cosmetics at **SafeCosmetics.org/article.php?id=888**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



MARCO RUBIO

If researchers are correct in saying good-looking people tend to be more successful than their less attractive counterparts, then Senator Marco Rubio (R-Florida) can look forward to a great future. The rest of us, however, had better duck and cover. Rubio may be handsome, but he is not smart or, for that matter, ethical. We think he's a humanoid version of the chupacabra, ready to suck the lifeblood out of our economic and political systems.

Okay, maybe the chupacabra reference is a bit over the top. But one thing is certain: Senator Rubio is not who or what he says he is. His official bio, for example, claims he is the son of parents who fled Fidel Castro's Cuba. In fact, records show they arrived on our shores nearly three years *before* the Communist dictator took control of that country. Interestingly enough, the vast majority of Cubans who fled after Castro came to power were supporters of the deposed Batista regime, legendary for its corruption and brutality. Who would want to lay claim to that?

Well, Marco Rubio would. It's how he charmed the Tea Party into supporting him. Teabaggers don't want immigrants coming into the United States; they want to build a wall around this country. But people fleeing the evils of communism are still welcomed by them.

Rubio, however, is only fleeing his impoverished background. Unlike most politicians, he didn't grow up in the lap of luxury. His father was a bartender, while his mother worked as a hotel maid and later as a store clerk at Kmart—where you know employees aren't paid a hell of a lot. So more credit to Marco for making it through high school, college and law school. It couldn't have been easy.

Easy or not, Rubio certainly doesn't intend to return to a life of poverty. He'll do whatever it takes to avoid that—even if it means throwing other people *into* poverty. For example, Rubio has opposed President Barack Obama's stimulus package. That's *stimulus*, as in something that creates jobs for average Americans. He's also sponsored a U.S. Senate bill that will lay off one in ten federal employees over the next four years. (That's almost 500,000 jobs!) If passed, the Reducing the Size of the Federal Government Through Attrition Act will supposedly save $139 billion over ten years.

That may sound good on its surface, but those savings come at the cost of jobs people are desperate to have. In a down economy, you don't want to put even more Americans out of work. You want full employment—people with money to spend on goods and services—in order to get the economy revved up again. Unless, of course, you're willing to throw the economy in the backseat to please your rich and powerful benefactors.

Let's look at Rubio's campaign contributors. Club for Growth, which gave him approximately $400,000 for his 2010 Senate bid, opposes trade limits that would protect American workers. The right-wing group also wants to privatize Social Security (i.e., give the money to Wall Street). Even conservative commentator Mike Huckabee of Fox News has dismissed Club for Growth as the "Club for Greed."

Rubio's also gotten fistfuls of money from Goldman Sachs, the Wall Street investment house credited with bringing down our economy. It opposes regulating the financial industry (big surprise!), as does the junior senator from Florida. Rubio is one of the reasons that banks remain too big to fail.

The point is that Rubio is in the pocket of the superrich. You'll never see him raising taxes on people making over a million dollars a year. In fact, he's on record for proposing the elimination of the capital gains tax and lowering corporate taxes. If that means eliminating one in ten federal jobs in order to reduce the budget deficit, so be it.

Come to think of it, maybe that bloodsucking chupacabra comparison wasn't so off-base. Consider this: When Rubio took his Senate seat in January 2011, he was in debt. Today, just one year later, the guy is said to be worth $379,505. Could there be a connection? Is it possible that he's using his time in office to feather his nest rather than help the American people?

Did you know it's legal for a U.S. senator or representative to buy stocks based on insider trading? If anyone else gets caught doing it—you, your rich uncle, even a Wall Street trader—he'd go to jail. But not a member of Congress. Why? Because they write the laws.

It's a fact that when it comes to buying stocks, members of the Senate outperform the market by 12%—almost double what Wall Street traders do. You can get very rich as a congressman—if you have no ethics.

But that's not the worst of it. At the same time that Rubio is fattening his wallet while shrinking ours, he's also apparently out to destroy our planet. How? By voting against the taxing of polluters and by supporting oil exploration in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and the outer continental shelf. (Yeah, like BP's offshore drilling turned out so well.)

Then there's all the really "petty" stuff he's gone after. Rubio opposes a woman's right to have a legal abortion; to discourage such procedures, he wants to make ultrasounds a requirement. He's also against same-sex marriage and federal funding of stem cell research. Aren't Republicans supposed to be against big, intrusive government?

Let's get real: The Republican Party is exclusively for the rich. It only wants less government intrusion when it comes to Wall Street and megacorporations. The rest of us should shut up and do what we're told. That's certainly okay with Marco as long as he's a part of that top 1%. He's not a chupacabra; he's an ass-kissing social climber.

And one other thing: He's an anchor baby. Do the math: Marco Rubio was born in 1971, and his parents didn't become U.S. citizens until 1975.

We thought the Tea Party hated anchor babies. (Or is the senator just "one of the good ones"?) As for us, we say, go back to where you belong, Paco!

Just kidding. Immigrants are what has made our country great. Just not Rubio.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Randy Moore

Lexi Belle

Audrina Diablo

EXPOSING EXPO

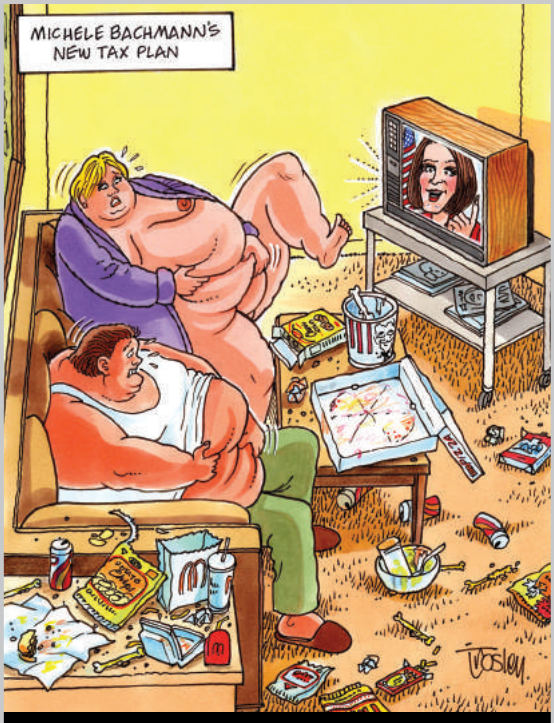
The second annual Exxxotica Expo, staged recently at the Los Angeles Convention Center, offered sex-themed seminars, stage shows and a cavernous venue packed with hot babes from the XXX industry. Among those hawking their wares or just looking sexy were Audrina Diablo, Randy Moore, Phoenix Marie and Lexi Belle.

The star-studded affair had some company. The convention center was simultaneously hosting Hempcon 2011, a medical marijuana show. Porn and weed are always a good pairing. At this point, they're also probably the healthiest sectors of the U.S. economy.

Phoenix Marie

"Life is a sexually transmitted disease." —R.D. LAING, SCOTTISH PSYCHIATRIST

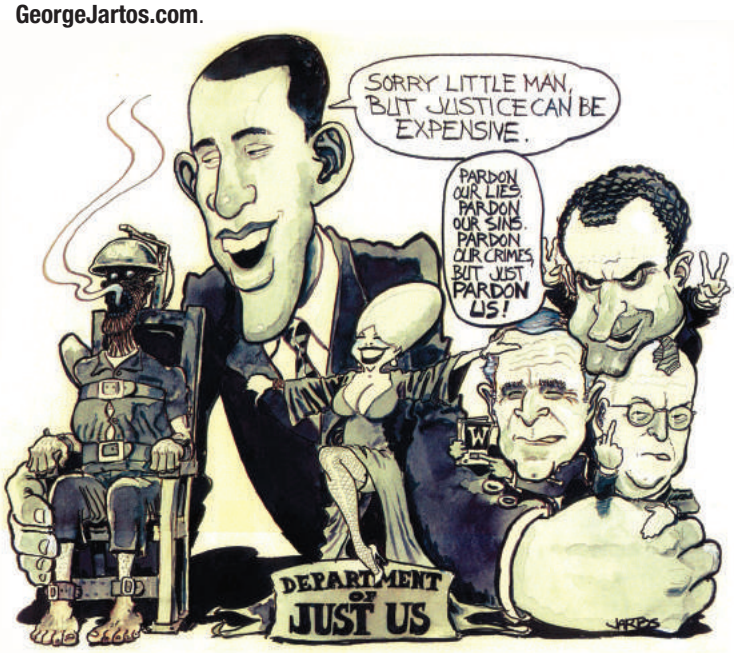
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"I'm proposing a fat tax. If you can't find your genitalia in your rolls of fat, your tax rate is XXXXXL."

ABOVE THE LAW

Our latest offering from cerebral cartoonist George Jartos skewers the profoundly flawed U.S. judicial system. In a nation where innocent prisoners have apparently been executed (ask Texas Governor Rick Perry about that), our elected officials operate above the law. What are the odds, for instance, that George W. Bush will ever face war crimes charges? That's about as likely as Dick Cheney getting nominated for sainthood. For more, check out **GeorgeJartos.com**.

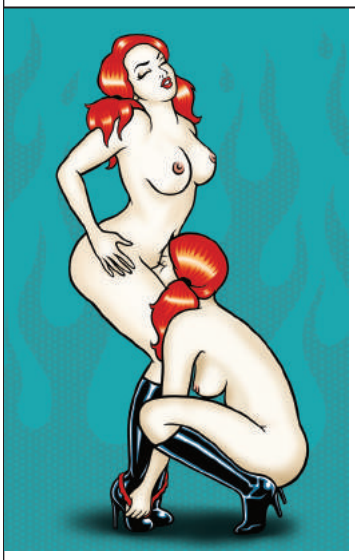

SORRY LITTLE MAN, BUT JUSTICE CAN BE EXPENSIVE.
PARDON OUR LIES. PARDON OUR SINS. PARDON OUR CRIMES, BUT JUST PARDON US!
DEPARTMENT OF JUST US

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Lady Gaga LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

A while back, rumors were swirling that Lady Gaga had a phallus somewhere other than in her mouth—namely, between her legs. Now that this tale has been debunked, the nonhermaphroditic pop star can get back to her normal life of riding around inside giant eggs and affixing prosthetic horns to her head.

DISCLAIMER. No such picture of Lady Gaga actually exists. Frankly, standard fellatio seems a little pedestrian for the singer. If she were to be photographed while giving a blowjob, the recipient would have to be someone truly shocking—like the pope or the Loch Ness Monster. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



WHAT THE HEK

Dropping out of art school might have been the best thing that ever happened to Claudia Hek. "I think that being self-taught adds a level of purity to creative work," the Dutch artist says. "You can learn from your own mistakes, and because no one is telling you how things are supposed to be done, you develop your own techniques."

Born and raised on the isolated island of Terschelling, Claudia didn't find her muse until she moved to the cosmopolitan city of Amsterdam. "I love it there," Hek marvels. "Whether you're walking around in a burka or a leather G-string, anything goes."

As a fledgling artist, Hek became involved in the local music scene; the flyers and posters she made for various bands launched her career. Roy Lichtenstein and the illustrated children's books from her youth are the strongest influences on the 35-year-old's work.

Typically, Hek begins a piece by inking an outline. Then the image is scanned into a computer, where she adds color and effects. The industrious artist also works in other mediums. She's currently codesigning a line of PVC clothing for curvy women and generating print patterns for a women's undergarment company.

For more, visit **ClaudiaHek.net**.

CLAUDIA HEK PHOTO BY MARIA KOREN

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation—the other eight are unimportant." —HENRY MILLER, NOVELIST

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #29

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

In an attempt to capitalize on popular sentiment, Secretary of the Treasury Timothy Geithner has been talking tough about financial reform. But whenever he's confronted with a chance to actually do something, Geithner shows his true colors. Mortgage institutions Fanny Mae and Freddie Mac, which together received over $150 billion in bailout cash, recently paid their top executives almost $13 million in bonuses. Guess who's supposed to be monitoring how recipients spend that bailout money? No surprise, it's Timmy. He's always defended big bonuses for incompetent execs. In 2009, Geithner made sure that $165 million was snatched from taxpayers and placed into the pockets of the AIG execs who ruined the company. The country is falling apart, and Geithner's first priority seems to be making sure that the wealthiest 1% never feels any of the pain. For this and many more reasons, we will shit on Timmy until he resigns, gets canned or goes back to South Park.

PRUDES & SEMI-NUDES

To express their frustration with living in the profoundly conservative state of Utah, thousands of fun-loving protesters ran down the streets of Salt Lake City in their underwear. It was unquestionably the most exciting thing to occur in that area since a Tyrannosaurus rex orgy 65 million years ago.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Ed Fox made a name for himself with his feet-first approach to photographing the gorgeous women he showcased in *Ed Fox: Glamour From the Ground Up*. For his second collection—*Ed Fox, Vol. 2*—the lensman has adopted a more head-to-toe perspective. The book also comes with an hour-long DVD that provides a glimpse of the master at work. Readers are in for a treat as Fox's pictures capture curvy gals in settings where natural light is used to enhance their beauty.

To purchase *Ed Fox, Vol. 2* (Taschen, hardcover plus DVD, 280 pages, $39.99), visit **Taschen.com**.

NEWSBITES

DICTATOR DOPPELGÄNGER

Bearing a resemblance to a celebrity or public figure isn't always a good thing. A Saddam Hussein lookalike in Egypt was badly beaten by a group of thugs. The victim told the publication *al-Ahram* that the assault was punishment for his decision to turn down the role of the late Iraqi dictator in a porn movie. Apparently, he'd earlier been offered more than $300,000 to appear in a video that the "producers" planned to hawk as an authentic Saddam Hussein sex flick. The guy is definitely unlucky, but he could have had a bigger cross to bear. At least he's not a dead ringer for Andy Dick.

POOP YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM

Popular African actor Baba Suwe was arrested at a Nigerian airport and charged with attempting to smuggle drugs into Europe. Apparently the authorities were convinced that he'd stashed narcotics up his butt. So they detained Suwe for almost a month, waiting until he had produced 25 drug-free bowel movements before finally releasing him. We're not sure whom we feel worse for: the innocent actor or the poor cop in charge of interrogating men's assholes.

HARD JUSTICE

A judge in Oklahoma was busted for allowing himself to get a little too relaxed behind the bench. In an impressive example of multitasking, the magistrate would simultaneously listen to the proceedings while using a penis pump. Everything unraveled when a cop testifying in a murder case noticed a tube sticking out of the judge's robe. Subsequent lab tests revealed traces of semen around where the gavel-pounder sat. Keep this in mind the next time you're in a courtroom: When you're asked to "please rise for the honorable judge so-and-so," he might already be rising for you.

THE OCCUPY HORSE CARCASS MOVEMENT

A young Oregonian couple has discovered a new way to feel at one with nature, although their approach may not have universal appeal. The guy and gal purchased an ailing horse, which they later slaughtered for food. Nothing odd about that, but here's the strange part: After the nag was gutted, the chick decided to strip, crawl inside the carcass and pose for nude photos. While disturbing, it turns out the gal's shenanigans weren't illegal. This should be a relief for Ann Coulter, whose typical Friday night we've heard involves climbing inside a buffalo cadaver with a nice box of white wine.

"I'm too shy to express my sexual needs except over the phone to people I don't know." —GARRY SHANDLING, ACTOR AND HUMORIST

DASHING DISGUISES

Kagney Linn Karter

To celebrate Halloween last year, a bevy of porn chicks partied hard at the Ecco Lounge in Hollywood. The bash, hosted by Kagney Linn Karter, drew veteran performers as well as up-and-comers like Lexi Bloom and Sarah Shevon. Every guy knows what makes Halloween such a magical occasion: It gives repressed women an excuse to dress like sluts. That's why the XXX actresses at the Ecco Lounge were a rarity. They show more skin at work than at a wild Halloween shindig.

Sarah Shevon

Brittany Banxxx & Megan Piper

Lexi Bloom

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"A man can sleep around, no questions asked, but if a woman makes 19 or 20 mistakes, she's a tramp." —JOAN RIVERS, COMEDIAN

PORN FROM THE PAST

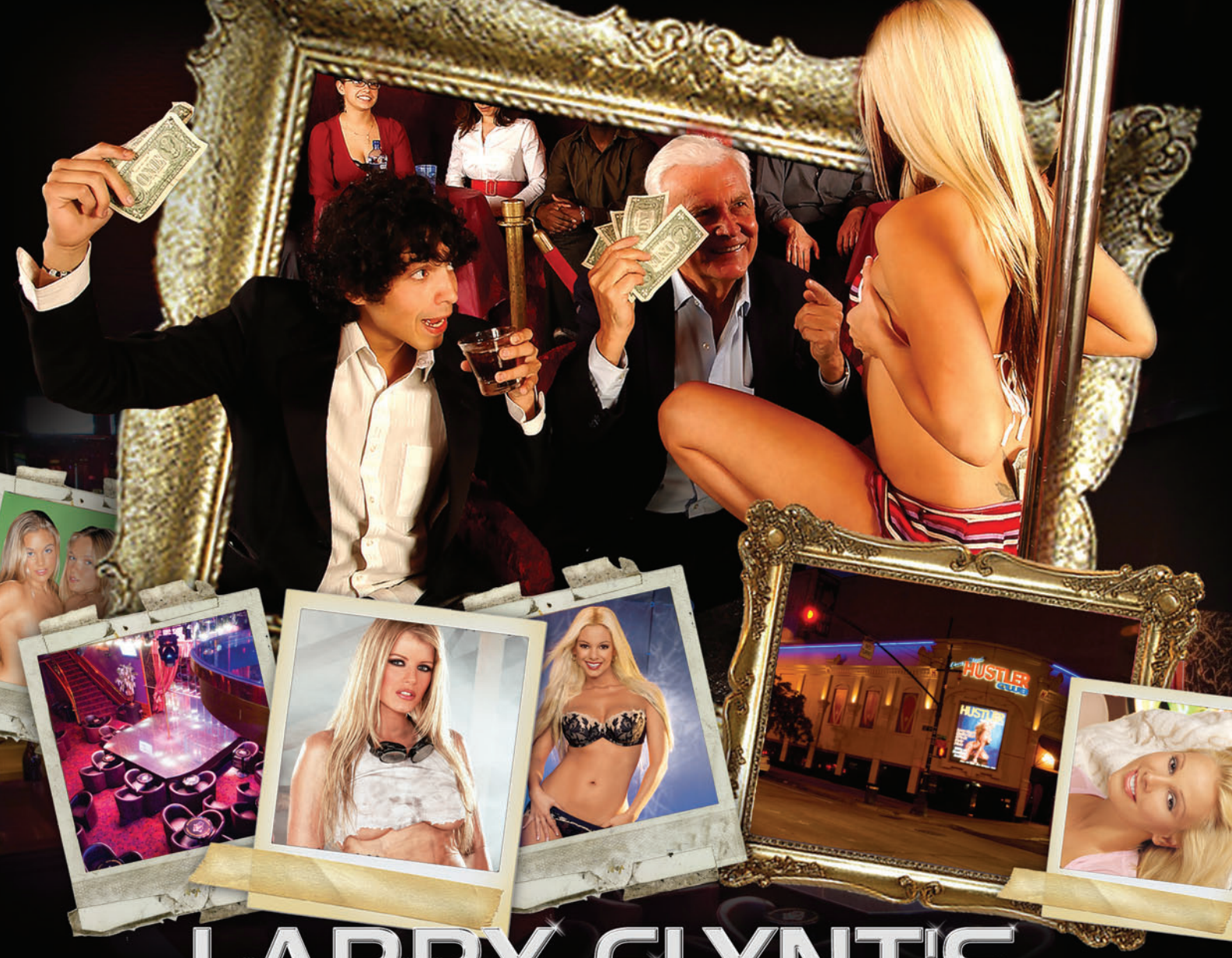
We're not sure what these two kinky nudists were up to, but it's fairly clear that their ancestors would not have approved. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

THE HEDGEHOG LANDS IN COLUMBUS

PHOTO COURTESY NIKKI BENZ

Ron Jeremy & Nikki Benz

The HUSTLER Hollywood store in Columbus, Ohio, was recently visited by esteemed porn performers Ron "The Hedgehog" Jeremy and Nikki Benz. The dynamic duo happily signed items for their numerous fans; Jeremy and Benz also made well-attended appearances at HUSTLER retail venues in Chicago and Minneapolis. HUSTLER Hollywood is actively promoting its new shops in the Midwest (including one in Cincinnati), so keep your eyes peeled for upcoming events at the store near you.



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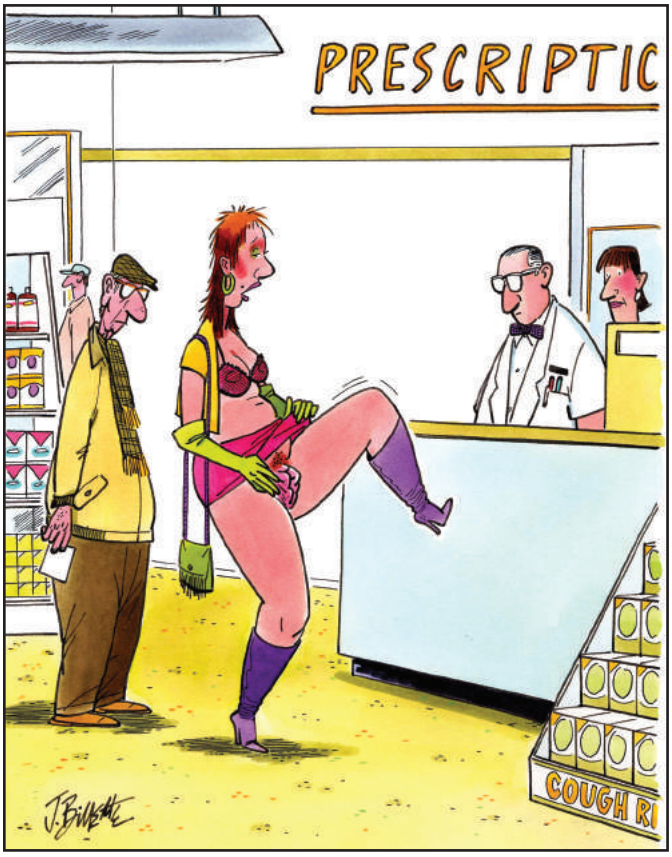
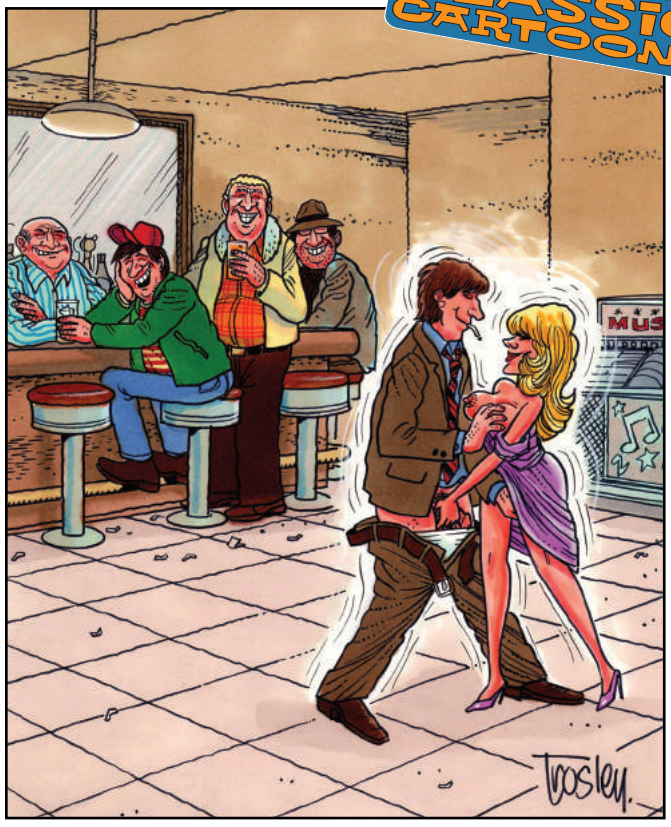
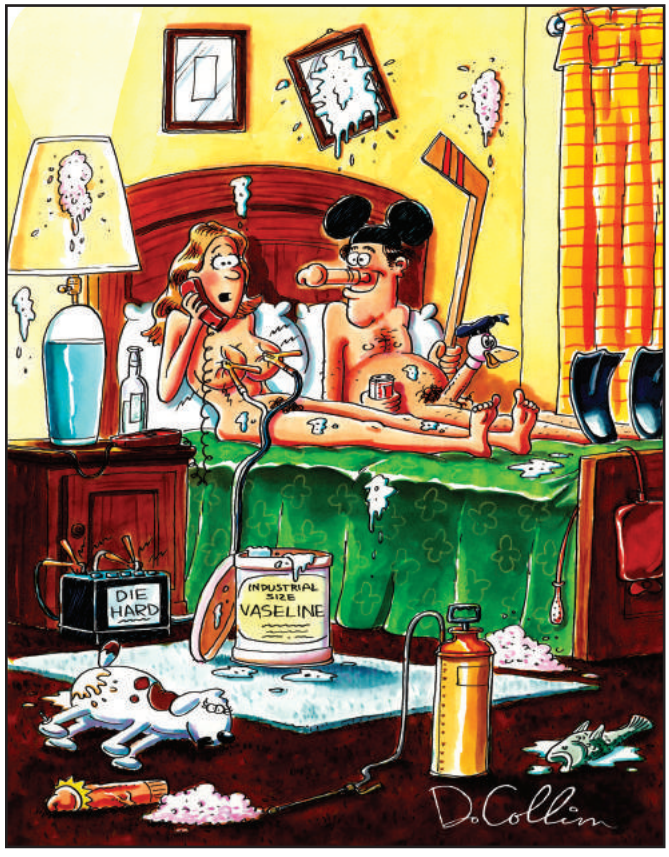


"What choo got for dry, chapped pussy lips?"



"It's so nice to see the return of touch dancing."

"Whoa! Your Breathalyzer cum level is three times the limit! No more blowjobs for you tonight!"



"I can't go out tonight, Tommy. I'm sitting with a sick friend."

SWISS MISS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORENZO SPERLONGA

ANASTASIA PIERCE

I have always been attracted to beautiful imagery," **Anastasia Pierce** discloses, explaining her fascination with HUSTLER. "For a very long time, I wanted to be one of those sexy women in the pages of glossy magazines."

Now the brassy brunette's desire has become a reality. However, things could have turned out differently, as she was once on another path entirely. **Anastasia** toiled with the 9-to-5 crowd until the drudgery got the best of her. She describes her frustration: "One day I got tired of having a regular job with early mornings, a long commute and a day spent in a cubicle under fluorescent lighting. So I picked up the phone, set up lots of meetings and found my way into this business."

Since making that decision, **Anastasia** has established herself both as a nude model and XXX performer. She's even done some producing. "I make girl-girl fetish movies," **Anastasia** reveals. "I have my own production company [Anastasia Pierce Productions], which is very fun for me."

Anastasia, who feels perfectly at home in Southern California, hails from Switzerland. Surprisingly, she doesn't have much nostalgia for the country she left behind. "I lived in the Alps for too long," **Anastasia** reckons. "I need sunshine in my life now!"

The Swiss miss's appreciation for sunniness extends to her personal relations. "My biggest turn-on is a positive attitude," Anastasia notes. "I love people who wake up in the morning with smiles on their faces. I try to surround myself with those kinds of people as much as possible."

BTW: Lorenzo Sperlonga, the photographer responsible for these alluring images, is also an accomplished painter who has contributed to HUSTLER, *Heavy Metal* and many other publications.

Anastasia Pierce gets down in *Anastasia Pierce Is All Tied Up*, *Taboo: Bound & Tied*, *Taboo: Fetish Fanatics*, *Taboo: Play Toys*, *Taboo: Decadence* and *Taboo: Treat Me Like a Whore* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

ANASTASIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Geneva, Switzerland | AGE: 37 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 135

BY KARL GROSSMAN

FUKUSHIMA UPDATED

WHAT THEY WON'T TELL YOU

THE GOVERNMENTS OF JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES, AS WELL AS ADVOCATES OF ATOMIC ENERGY, ARE COVERING UP THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT THE WORLD'S WORST NUCLEAR ACCIDENT.

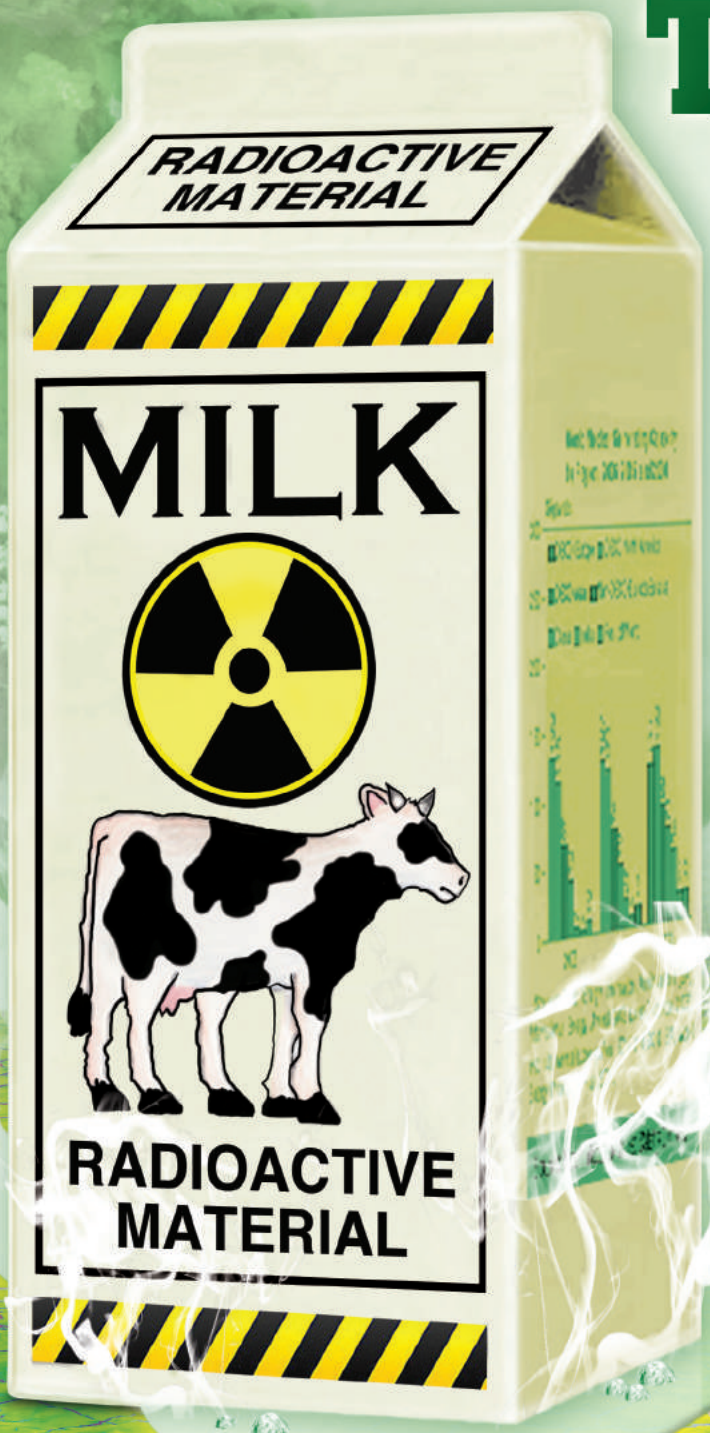


ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

The "whole world" is being "exposed to the radiation from Fukushima," explains nuclear physicist Dr. Michio Kaku, professor of physics at the City University of New York. The still-ongoing catastrophe at the six-reactor Fukushima Daiichi power plant in Japan has caused radioactivity to be "circulating around the entire Earth."

Major health impacts can be expected in Japan, of course, but also wherever the Fukushima radioactivity has fallen or will fall, including in the United States, say toxicologist Janette D. Sherman, M.D., and epidemiologist Joseph Mangano of the Radiation and Public Health Project. Already, they've discovered that infant mortality in parts of the United States has increased substantially as a result of Fukushima fallout.

Dr. Sherman and Mangano cross-checked data on infant mortality from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention with records of fallout from the EPA and found that infant mortality had spiked by an average of 35% in eight cities west of the Rocky Mountains and by 48% in Philadelphia during a ten-week span immediately following the March 11, 2011, Fukushima accident. While Philadelphia and cities in Washington (Seattle), Oregon (Portland), Idaho (Boise) and northern California (Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Cruz, San Jose and Berkeley) reported drastic increases, infant mortality nationwide in this period rose 2.3%. Infant mortality—defined as the death of children from birth to one year old—is considered an early measure of radiation effects because there is rapid growth and cell division at this stage, increasing the impacts of radioactivity.

Cancer is a consequence of radiation that often takes years to manifest. "A global increase in cancer can be expected from the Fukushima discharges," Dr. Sherman predicts. The radioactive iodine released will produce thyroid cancer, she notes, and "thyroid irregularities" have already been found in children evacuated from the Fukushima area. Cesium-137—another poison discharged in large quantities from Fukushima—will cause cancer in "soft tissues in the body, notably the breast tissue and the pancreas." And strontium-90, yet another poison released in large amounts, "goes to the bone to cause leukemia."

Dr. Sherman, an adviser to the National Cancer Institute, has been studying the impact of radiation since working for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in the 1950s. Her books include *Life's Delicate Balance: Causes and Prevention of Breast Cancer*. She was also editor of *Chernobyl: Consequences of the Catastrophe for People and the Environment*, published by the New York Academy of Sciences in 2009. Authored by a team of European scientists, it determined from available medical data that the Chernobyl release caused some 985,000 people to die between 1986—the year of the nuclear power plant accident—and 2004.

"The Fukushima disaster will be worse than Chernobyl," Dr. Sherman emphasizes. "No question. This is because it is continuing. They have not stopped the releases of radioactivity—God knows if they ever will." Moreover, the area in that part of Japan is "far more populated" than the region around Chernobyl, about 60 miles from Kiev, Ukraine's capital.

The lead author of the Chernobyl study, Russian biologist Dr. Alexey Yablokov, agrees. "We are seeing something that has never happened—a multiple reactor catastrophe…happening within 200 kilometers [125 miles] of a metropolis [Tokyo] of 30 million people."

Epidemiologist Joseph Mangano says that "the absurd belief that no one will be harmed by Fukushima is perhaps the strongest evidence of the pattern of deception and denial by nuclear officials in industry and government."

Other scientists and medical experts concur that Fukushima will have far greater consequences than Chernobyl. Professor Chris Busby of the School of Biomedical Sciences of the University of Ulster in Northern Ireland says, "Chernobyl went up in one go." But large amounts of radioactivity have been streaming from Fukushima since March 11 and spreading worldwide. "Fukushima is worse," Busby adds. He projects more than a million deaths worldwide.

Radioactivity has been found in livestock, crops and other produce many miles from the Fukushima complex—including in beef, milk, leafy vegetables and most recently in rice, which constitutes a major part of the Japanese diet.

Radioactive fallout has also been spreading to the United States, contaminating water, soil and farm-grown food products. Across the nation, radioactive iodine and cesium have been detected in milk linked to cows eating radioactive grass. In California—one of the few states conducting any kind of testing for radiation in food—strawberries, kale, spinach, arugula, wild-harvested mushrooms and other vegetables have tested positive for radioactive chemicals.

Dr. Helen Caldicott, president emeritus of Physicians for Social Responsibility, says that based on the radioactive releases from Fukushima, she expects fatalities from the catastrophe will end up being "two to five times the million who have died because of Chernobyl." Many of those deaths will be in Japan, but no place on Earth will escape this grim reality.

Besides blowing in the wind, the poisons from Fukushima are being spread through sea currents and through food, although some nations have restricted certain food imports from Japan. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has banned the importation of milk, dairy products, fresh vegetables and fruit originating in areas closest to the Fukushima complex—the prefectures of Fukushima, Ibaraki, Tochigi and Gunma. (Japan is divided into 47 local governing units known as prefectures.) Also, the FDA has announced that it is screening for radiation in other foods imported from Japan, including fish.

Epidemiologist Mangano comments: "Despite these efforts, many Americans are and should be concerned about the potential risks of importation of food into the U.S from Japan in general."

According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, about 2% of the seafood consumed in this country comes from Japan. Scallops are the largest seafood import from Japan, with some 3,300 metric tons (valued at $64 million) shipped to the United States in 2010. Tuna has been the second-biggest Japanese seafood import. Japan provided an estimated 350 metric tons of tuna (worth $4 million) in 2010.

The sea along the Fukushima site provides a vast pathway for spreading radioactivity. The amount of radioactive iodine in seawater near the power plant has been measured as thousands of times over what the government of Japan considers permissible. Fish caught 50 miles off the coast have been found to contain large amounts of radiation. Further, when radioactive poison gets into the marine environment, a "concentration factor" kicks in as the radiation moves up the food chain.

Small fish eat radiation-contaminated seaweed, and medium-size fish eat the small fish. Then big fish eat the medium-size fish, and radioactivity becomes increasingly concentrated. Some of the fish affected by the Fukushima radi-

ation are migratory, so it's not just sushi in Tokyo that's impacted but also fish consumed globally.

Ken Buesseler, a senior scientist with the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, led a research expedition off the northeast coast of Japan to assess the impact of the Fukushima disaster. Buesseler, a recognized expert in the study of radioisotope geochemistry, reported, "When we saw the numbers—hundreds of millions of becquerels [a measure of radioactivity]—we knew this was the largest delivery of radiation into the ocean ever seen."

Response to the massive Fukushima radioactive discharges has been a massive cover-up and outright denial. The Nuclear Energy Institute—an influential nuclear industry trade group—claims, "No health effects are expected among the Japanese people as a result of the events at Fukushima." The American Nuclear Society proclaims on its Web site that "no public ill effects are expected from the Fukushima incident." Mainstream media have become tired of covering the disaster even though radioactivity continues to stream from the Fukushima reactors.

Mangano says that "the absurd belief that no one will be harmed by Fukushima is perhaps the strongest evidence of the pattern of deception and denial by nuclear officials in industry and government."

And it's not just a PR effort. There have been systematic moves to prevent scientists from getting the data to connect Fukushima radioactivity to illness and death. On May 3, 2011, after weekly monitoring of radioactivity provided the data that Dr. Sherman and Mangano linked to infant mortality, the EPA announced it would only gather readings every three months. Mangano's opinion? "Outrageous!"

Jeff Ruch, executive director of Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility, said that with the Fukushima "situation still out of control and expected to continue that way for months, and with elevated radioactivity continuing to show up in the U.S., it is inexplicable that the EPA would shut down its radiation monitoring effort."

Inexplicable, but in line with the nuclear industry's traditional PR spin, according to Dr. Jeffrey Patterson, immediate past president of Physicians for Social Responsibility. "There has been a cover-up, a minimization of the effects of radioactivity," Patterson points out, "since the development of nuclear weapons and nuclear technology."

Will the nuclear establishment be able to get away with what would be one of the most outrageous Big Lies of all time—that no one has died because of Fukushima?

"I can't believe this is going on," said Professor Frank Daulton, who teaches economics and linguistics at Ryukoku University in Kyoto, Japan, about the Fukushima catastrophe. "This is a nightmare. I'm just afraid this has dealt a near-fatal blow to Japan."

And the consequences for the rest of the world? Thanks to the clout of the nuclear industry and its chokehold on our politicians, it's doubtful we will ever get the truth about Fukushima. Of course, that could change if our citizens rise up and demand transparency. But how likely is that?

Karl Grossman is an investigative reporter, board member of **BeyondNuclear.org** and professor of journalism at the State University of New York's The College at Old Westbury. His six books include *Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power*. Grossman, the longtime host of the nationally aired TV program *Enviro Close-Up*, has also written and narrated *Three Mile Island Revisited*, *The Push to Revive Nuclear Power*, *Chernobyl: A Million Casualties* and other documentaries.

PHOTO COURTESY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Toxic milk? Geiger counter in hand, a Japanese dairy farmer checks his cows for radiation near the village of Katsurao, approximately 15 miles west of the plagued Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant.

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BY ADAM POPESCU

CATALINA CRUZ

INTERNET MONEYMAKER & BLUE-RIBBON HOMEMAKER

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY CATALINACRUZ.COM

HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM PORN VALLEY, tucked away in Arizona, the sex goddess known as Catalina Cruz holds court over a digital empire. Like a majestic queen, she rules over a realm spanning 17 adult-themed Internet sites that pull in six figures a month, including, of course, **CatalinaCruz.com**.

I meet Catalina in a garden-variety strip mall—just one of the many that dot the Grand Canyon State like cacti. We sit down at a table outside a coffee bar. She's a sultry, petite brunette with shoulder-length hair, brown eyes, olive skin and an advertised 32D bust. In addition, she is as smart as a whip.

Wearing a light jacket over a low tank top, Catalina orders cappuccino—extra froth. The gorgeous Webmistress tells me she does up to four live shows a day—solo, girl-girl and girl-guy (exclusively with her husband of 11 years, Brandon). When they're not working in front of the cameras, the duo oversee their Fantasy Girl Entertainment's porn star- and fetish-themed membership sites.

"I'm involved in all aspects of our company," Catalina informs me, "from helping affiliates, booking talent, locations, flights, editing, encoding video, brainstorming ideas, customer service to entertaining my members. I get bored easily, so I always have to have something going on."

I ask how she got into the adult industry. "I like to make people smile, and I like to entertain," she says. "I think I always had that in me. I kind of fell into it about ten years ago. I was actually just post-

AVN'S 2011 BEST WEB STAR NOMINEE MIGHT BE THE BIGGEST NAME IN PORN YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

ing some pictures online; it was like an amateur site where you could upload your pictures and get a local modeling job. That's how it actually started."

First came professional modeling while Catalina was living in Ohio. "Photographers wanted to shoot me for their portfolios," she recalls. "I'm thinking nonnude at this point. I was comfortable with this one photographer. We were on a beach by Lake Erie, and I ended up taking my top off for the first time. And I really didn't think anything of it because I was already pretty comfortable with myself. But photographers have a way of getting you: 'Oh, I'm going to send these pictures to *Playboy*.' You know, things like that.

"I think that's where girls fall into it, too. They want to be in the big magazines—the glamour side of it. I ended up meeting this photographer in Michigan. It was a semi-nude shoot, kind of artistic photos and just amateur stuff, and he actually showed me that he ran an adult Web site. Back then it was really not heard of. There were only a couple that were doing well, and it wasn't that popular. Now it's saturated."

Catalina adds, "He told me the income he made per month, and I thought, *Wow! If he can do this, I can.* Driving home, I decided to get some money together and get processing for Visa and MasterCard. Then Brandon and I started an online portfolio, and that's kind of where it snowballed. It's a really long story.

"My husband had a graphic design/HTML computer background already," Catalina continues. "We gathered what money we had and started processing credit cards. We built a members' area with what photos I had collected already, and we basically learned something new every day. I remember when getting a new member was a celebration. Nowadays, my fans can't get enough live shows. That's what everyone loves now—everything live!"

In 2009, Catalina garnered the AVN Web Starlet of the Year award. That's when she began embracing social media and blogging,

building a network of 35,000 followers on Twitter and thousands of members on her site. In the process, she was organically growing a healthy brand through fan interaction and the careful preservation and maintenance of digital assets.

According to Klout.com, Catalina's social media influence score is higher than that of most mainstream actresses and corporate execs, regardless of gender or industry.

"It's a lot of work," Catalina says about running the company. "There's so much that goes into it besides putting on shoots and having sex. People have no idea."

Describing a typical day, Catalina tells me, "I get up pretty early—about 5:30 or 6 a.m. I have to work out because you're obviously naked, so that's part of your job. Today I had to read a contract from our lawyer. We're starting a new live-cam network: **FantasyCams.com**. Then there's bookkeeping, social networking, Twitter, filing model releases. It's not really glamorous every single day."

Catalina's routine also includes a predictable interruption: "And the day is not complete until my mom calls at the strangest or most awkward times," she says with a laugh. "Like right before I'm about to do my live-cam show or even during one. She also seems to call during shoots too. It's like she has a built-in radar on me."

That comment prompts me to ask if her parents are aware of what she's up to. "They both know all about my sites, so I'm able to be open with them. But still, we do not go into detail and talk about it."

But Catalina *is* willing to talk about what happens when she runs into people who aren't in the porn biz. "I think it's come a long way," she says. "People are more open-minded. It's more accepted than it was years ago. But you get some people that totally disapprove, and they think it's disgusting. It's not really that they say anything; they just give you the cold shoulder. Or they think it's below them. But then you get people who think it's great. At least that's what they tell you!"

She laughs, then adds, "I think people secretly love it [porn]. They're afraid to admit it. That's how I was when I was younger. I was kind of standoffish with porn, but then you find yourself masturbating to it and liking it. That happens to a lot

of women, where they feel almost guilty, but they love it."

Catalina definitely doesn't feel guilty about being an adult-industry performer and entrepreneur with a functional, loving family. "That's so hard for people to understand," explains the mother of two boys (ages 11 and 13) and an 18-year-old daughter. "They cannot believe I do porn and have a family. I think it freaks people out, like they think you're weird. You know? But porn is for adults only, and you can separate it."

Catalina makes clear why she calls herself "Momma Tiger" at home. "My kids are everything to me," she confides. "One of the reasons that I do this is for them. It lets me have the freedom to be with them. Spending time with my family is the most important thing. Then obviously, there's the income. My two older children know that I have an adult-oriented job and that Brandon and I run Web sites."

What sets her family apart and adds some extra glue is its passion for motocross. In a boastful moment, Catalina tells me one of her cubs is so good on a dirt bike that he's only seconds behind professional racers on the track.

"We have two rooms full of trophies," she says. "I've always been a risk taker in everything in my life, so this [motocross] is just a different part of me besides my love of sex. My husband raced for ten years growing up. He's the reason I got involved in a sport that's become a lifestyle alongside our business. It's also a family-oriented sport, so it's really important to me to have that bond. Of course, I think it keeps kids busy and out of trouble. Besides, it's an adrenaline rush to watch my family race."

With so much on her plate, I ask Catalina if she manages to find time for herself. "A brainstorm session and a bubble bath," she quickly responds, like tennis star Maria Sharapova returning a serve. "I love taking bubble baths before bed every night. Late at night sometimes is when I get porn brainstorms."

"Porn brainstorms?!" I fire back.

"That's when I come up with ideas for a new Web site or a themed live event," Catalina tells me. "That's when I'll write down or Google something I'm thinking about."

I ask if Catalina still watches porn. "Yes, I do," she admits, "at night. I'll never get tired of it even though I know many that do. I won't because I only work for myself, so I'm not oversexed. I save the real time for myself. That way, I can maximize my pleasure in bed. Whatever it is, I like it!"

Adam Popescu is a Los Angeles-based writer, journalist and social media manager with a passion for travel, food, art and politics. His work has been featured in daily and weekly print newspapers, online publications and blogs and on National Public Radio.

MY MOM SAYS SHE GOT LAID OFF AND MY DAD GOT HIS JOB OUTSOURCED TO SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY... THEY HAD TO CANCEL THEIR HEALTH INSURANCE, AND NOW THE BANK IS KICKING THEM OUT OF OUR HOUSE.
IS THAT THE AMERICAN DREAM WE ARE FIGHTIN' FOR ?

BY MATT HOGE

BROTHEL BABES

VINTAGE PICS FROM JAPAN THAT ENCOMPASS BEAUTY, SEX AND SPECULATION.

FANS OF "PORN FROM THE PAST," where each month's *Bits & Pieces* exhumes graphic evidence of how our ancestors boned, will undoubtedly be intrigued by this collection of amateur snapshots. Pictured are Asian women alone or engaging in a variety of sex acts. Although the stories behind these photos have been lost to the fog of time, it seems likely that they depict gals from the world's oldest profession. *(continued on page 55)*

HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

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X MARKS THE SPOT

ELIZABETH MARXS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Elizabeth Marxs is hot enough to turn even the most loyal Tea Party supporter into a Marxist. No one can resist this sexy Texan, who opens up about her persuasive charm: "I've always had a knack for talking people into helping me. For whatever reason, people don't mind giving me a hand!"

One glance at Elizabeth makes it readily apparent why dudes bend over backwards to lend her assistance. "I try not to be too manipulative," she reveals. "But if a few nice words and a smile can get me into a sold-out show, that doesn't seem so bad to me."

While Elizabeth doesn't consider herself a party animal, she enjoys venturing out on the town. "I love hearing live music," the hottie remarks. "Some of my favorite bands are U2, the Killers and Band of Horses. It's awesome to see big bands like that play in person, but I also enjoy checking out no-name bands in dive bars, too."

Elizabeth also appreciates diversity in her male companions. "The guys I've dated don't have a lot in common," she reckons. "I've dated really athletic vain guys, sensitive poets, nerds, whatever. I guess I don't really have a type."

However, there's one trait that every **Elizabeth Marxs** paramour shares: a healthy appreciation for the beauty in his midst. "I like dating guys who know how lucky they are to have me," **Elizabeth** coos.

ELIZABETH'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Houston | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 104

(continued from page 45)

Apparently, these women were working in Japan or another Asian locale in the 1940s, probably shortly after the end of World War II. Maybe a member of the U.S. military, looking to document his overseas exploits, was the man behind the camera.

A photo album of fully nude Asian brothel babes would have been a valuable keepsake for a GI, particularly during an era when pornography was far less accessible than it is in today's Internet age. In the conservative 1940s and '50s, sexually explicit pics would have been a hot commodity.

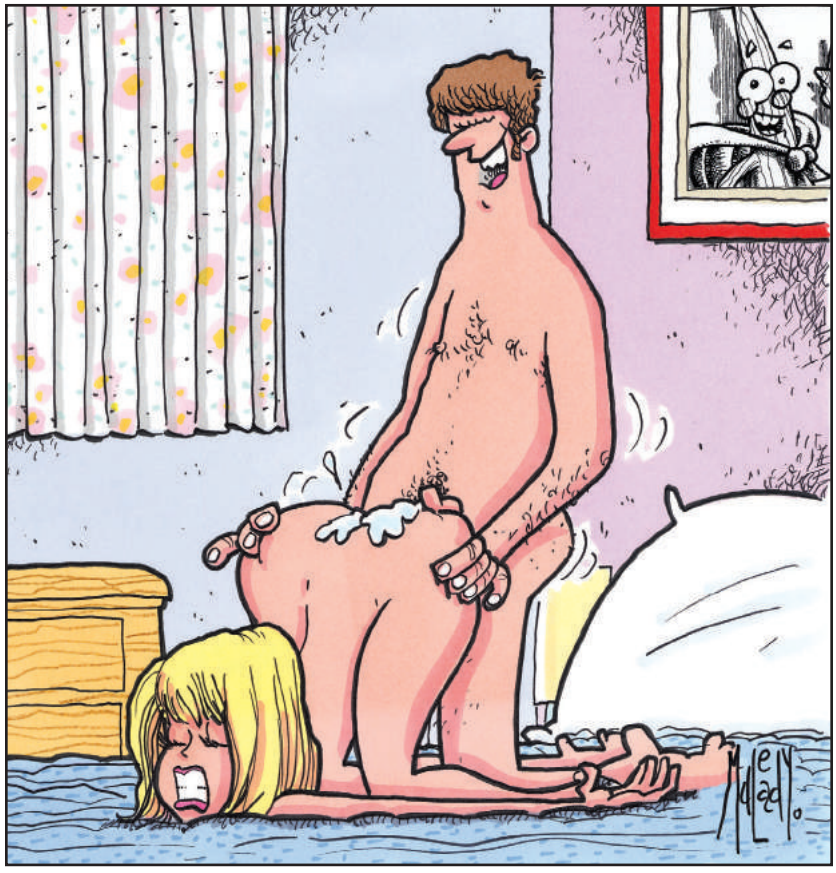
The sex industry has a lengthy history in Japan; brothels have existed there for centuries. At various times in that nation's history, prostitution has been legal. (BTW: Geisha girls are often assumed to provide sexual services, but the genuine article offers only chaste, artistic entertainment.)

It is worth noting that these photos of young and alluring women might conceal a dark secret. As mentioned, the time frame of these pictures seems to be post-World War II, but it's possible that they were taken earlier. In wartime Japan, the sad reality was that many women were not sex workers of their own volition.

The term "comfort woman" was a euphemism coined to describe young females from Korea, China, the Philippines and other occupied Asian nations who were forced or lured into prostitution to satisfy Japanese soldiers during World War II. The number of women enslaved is widely debated, with speculation ranging from the tens to the hundreds of thousands.

For decades, Japan officially denied that the country's military personnel had participated in the recruitment and detainment of women for sexual purposes. In fact, it wasn't until the early 1990s that the government finally acknowledged that the Japanese military was directly involved in operating wartime brothels. Japan subsequently established the Asia Women's Fund, which provided some compensation for victims. However, the fund was criticized as an inadequate response.

It's unlikely that we'll ever know the truth about the ladies seen here. But one thing is crystal-clear: Whoever snapped these photos captured a provocative slice of history.



"I'll believe corporations are people when the state of Texas can execute one!"

HIGH-ALTITUDE HONEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

SAMANTHA SAINT

Samantha Saint was born and raised in Tennessee, but she's fallen head over heels for her new home. "I love Colorado!" the hottie exclaims. "I moved out here to study aesthetics, which involves things like skin care. I went to the Aveda Institute, then I got a job in Florida. I worked down there for a little bit, but I missed Colorado. So I moved back!"

Samantha truly adores the Centennial State. "There's always stuff to do, no matter what time of year it is," she marvels. "I love being outdoors, mostly hiking. I fly-fish too, which you probably wouldn't guess."

During the winter, Samantha is much more daring. "I took up snowboarding," she tells us. "I've dedicated myself to figuring it out and not giving up. When you're a little kid, there's not that far to fall. Learning it when you're older is a lot harder."

Is Samantha content with her career and personal life? "Absolutely," she confirms. "When I started out in the adult business, some days were harder than others. Now everyone knows what I do; it's no secret. Some people don't understand my doing nude modeling and porn, but honestly, I've never been happier. I feel good with the people I surround myself with in my personal life. They don't judge me by how I choose to make money."

SAMANTHA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Memphis, Tennessee | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 125

Samantha Saint is unsaintly in *Untrue Hollywood Stories: Oprah* and *TSA: Your Ass Is in Our Hands*, both from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

STYLIZED DECADENCE

THE ART OF BEN NEWMAN

ENTER A DARK BUT TITILLATING WORLD WHERE FANTASY, URBAN DECAY AND FAIRY TALES CONVERGE

Dirty Snow

Tales of the High Seas

BRITISH ARTIST BEN NEWMAN'S calling card is painting attractive young women in perilous, nightmarish situations—at first glance. *Dirty Snow*, for example, depicts Snow White ominously surrounded by the Seven Dwarfs, who not only look grotesque but also appear on the verge of gang-banging the damsel. In the visually striking *Tales of the High Seas*, a comely female sailor on a ship's deck is being undressed and ogled by a monstrous squid. It's a Newman scenario highly reminiscent of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*—but far more erotic.

Church Property

Dorothy's Itch

Madeline's Exam

Yet while such paintings lend a sense of danger, Newman notes that his female subjects are hardly victims. "When people say my pictures are sexually violent," the 35-year-old artist passionately insists, "it immediately shows that they're not really looking at my work. They're looking at a preconceived notion inside their own head. The women in my pictures are always the instigators or willing participants."

Although Newman studied art in college, he acknowledges that the storytelling elements of his work are directly related to an Old World upbringing. "I think it's ingrained in Europeans," Newman explains. "We grow up with stories of witches and goblins, and we're surrounded by old castles and the Druidic ruins that these stories are set in. So it's really hard not to be influenced by that stuff."

But there's also a contemporary side to Newman's stylized decadence. *Handle With Care*, for instance, displays eerily faceless male executives hovering over a fetching secretary securely bound—quite comfortably—to an office chair, her gartered legs spread open for business.

PHOTO BY VANESSA NEWMAN

"Although I'm currently based in Oxford, I'm from London originally," the Englishman reveals. "So I'm definitely a city boy—and a big fan of urban decay."

Newman also refreshingly admits that his artwork (created in such varied mediums as pen and ink, oil paint, acrylic and digital programs) is not the sole means by which he earns his keep. "The subject matter I like to draw is far too niche for me to be able to make a living off of it," Newman explains. "I probably could if I took more commissions and worked on spec, but I'm stubborn. I like drawing my own stuff too much. So I also work as an artist in the video game industry, which helps me pay my way."

You can view and/or purchase Newman's captivating creations at **BenNewmanArt.Blogspot.com**.

Handle With Care

Civil Disobedience

Family Business

BY SUN KARMA

COUGARS UNLEASHED

I AM NOT A TENNIS SHOE!

I AM A PUMA/COUGAR. MAYBE THEY WERE THINKING OF ME WHEN THEY NAMED THE ATHLETIC SHOE. SINCE I MAY NOT HAVE ALL MY SHIT TOGETHER, THINK OF ME AS A WORK IN PROGRESS.

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY LUMAGRAPHICS, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

Animal magnetism: *Cougar-in-training Sun Karma cozies up with Tiger/"Cougar Bait" Mr. Headlee.*

PHOTO COURTESY MR. HEADLEE

Puma, Cougar, whatever. I have a new beast to introduce, one from the male side of the equation: the Tiger. The Tiger is a "graduated" Cub who has had enough experience with older women to play the game. My Tiger is 25. (If 30 is the new 20, then 20 is the new preteen. Oh, shit! I'm dating a prepubescent!)

As Cougar requirements go, I fall short not only because of age but also because of temperament. I am not rich, but I am well-off. That doesn't mean I spend my money frivolously. I don't pay for everything; a man needs to treat a woman like a queen. I am, in fact, "The Queen of Richmond," according to *Style Weekly* and radio station 102.1 The X in my hometown.

I don't frequent bars or clubs. I just run into guys. I'm 38, not 40, and I'm considered betwixt Puma and Cougar. I don't look my age, so I'm on the lower end of the scale.

One day in 2008, I met photographer/filmmaker/writer Jon Headlee a/k/a Mr. Headlee. He was interviewing me as a "personality" for Identity Richmond, a municipal project that is still in the works. I was instantly attracted to Jon—not only because of his intelligence (156 IQ)—but also for his artistic ability, long hair and involvement in the fetish scene. (The local fetish club demanded Mr. Headlee join after he pranced around in a plastic bag thong one night.)

After the interview, Jon and I only communicated occasionally via Facebook. In April 2010, we collaborated on a project for *RVA* mag (RVA being an abbreviation for Richmond, Virginia) but again our contact was limited. Jon works out of Hoboken, New Jersey. On June 25, 2011, I ran into him once more. Jon was in town, and he decided to treat me for our mutual birthday dinner. (We're four days apart.) This time, something spectacular happened.

Over hookah, tequila and sushi, we decided somewhere in the mix to "hang out," meaning have sex. What I didn't realize was that—in true Tiger fashion—Mr. Headlee had targeted me for conquest that night.

Being a mystic, Jon had gotten a tarot card reading the week before. Prominently displayed, facedown, was "The Sun" card. He considered this a sign that we were supposed to be together. Thus, one night of multiple orgasms and numerous sexual positions turned into a part-time long-distance relationship. *(continued on page 87)*

ROUGH RIDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

NINA JAMES

Nina James looks soft and sweet, but she's had plenty of experience taming wild beasts. "I ride horses competitively," the northern Californian explains. "I've done it since I was a little girl. My dream is to make it a career."

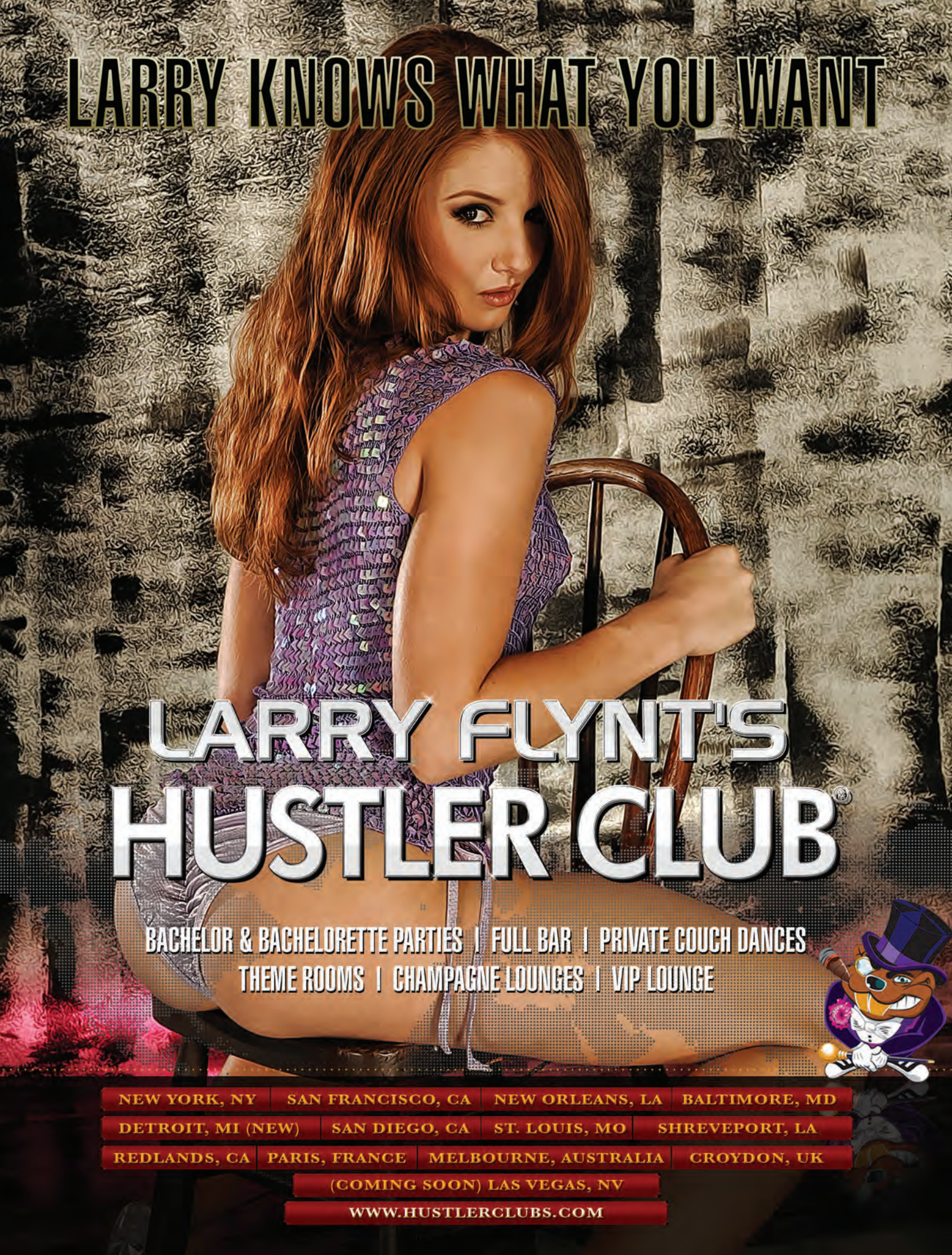
Nina is truly passionate about her favorite pastime. "I love being on horseback so much that sometimes I even fantasize about living in the Wild West," she marvels. "It would have been so cool to be this trail-blazing woman, clomping around on a pinto, hanging out in saloons and just kicking ass in general."

Participating in equestrian events is just one of the babe's kicks. **Nina** also digs classic rock, chick-centered television programs (*Sex and the City*, *Secret Diary of a Call Girl*) and harrowing coming-of-age books (*The Glass Castle*). "I'm very curious," she reveals, "so I'm always finding new stuff to get interested in."

When it comes to wooing **Nina**, the eye-catcher responds to a classy approach. "I like to be wined and dined," she discloses. "I really enjoy going out to a nice restaurant, sharing a good meal and some great wine with an interesting guy. That's definitely a turn-on."

Two criteria always get **Nina**'s heart galloping. "It's a cliché, but tall and funny does it for me," she insists. It's not that the statuesque honey doesn't understand the plight of the vertically challenged man. "I know it's a hard-knock life out there for short guys," **Nina** concludes, "but I'm 5-10, so any dude I date has to at least be taller than me!"

NINA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Stockton, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 130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Apple announced that it has developed a breast implant that can store and play music. The iTit will cost from $5,000 to $10,000, depending on cup and speaker size. This is considered a major social breakthrough because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.

Two men were discussing popular trends on sex, marriage and family values. John said, "I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married. Did you?"

Charlie replied, "I can't remember for sure. What was her maiden name?"

Question: What do you call a fellatio expert with bad teeth?

Answer: An organ grinder.

Hunter was a ten-year-old whose grandfather was visiting for a spell. One day the youngster came into the house after playing with his friends and asked, "Grandpa, what's that called when two people sleep in the same bedroom, and one is on top of the other?"

Hunter's grandfather was taken aback but decided to tell the truth. "It's called sexual intercourse," he told the boy.

"Okay," Hunter whimpered. He then rushed back outside to play with the other kids.

A few minutes later the whippersnapper came back into the house and said angrily, "Grandpa, it isn't called sexual intercourse. It's called bunk beds. And Jimmy's mom wants to talk to you."

Question: What's the easiest way to castrate a redneck?

Answer: Slug his sister in the jaw.

A little boy named Scotty boarded a bus and sat down next to a priest reading a book. Noticing something peculiar, the kid asked, "Hey, mister, why is your collar backwards?"

"I am a father," the priest explained.

"My daddy doesn't wear *his* collar like that," Scotty squealed.

The priest looked up from his book and sighed, "I am the father of many."

"My daddy has four boys, four girls and two grandchildren," Scotty huffed, "and he doesn't wear his collar that way!"

Losing patience with the kid, the priest snorted, "I am the father of hundreds!"

While the priest resumed reading, Scotty pondered that notion for a while, then leaned over and whispered, "Maybe you should wear a condom, mister, and put your pants on backwards instead of your collar."

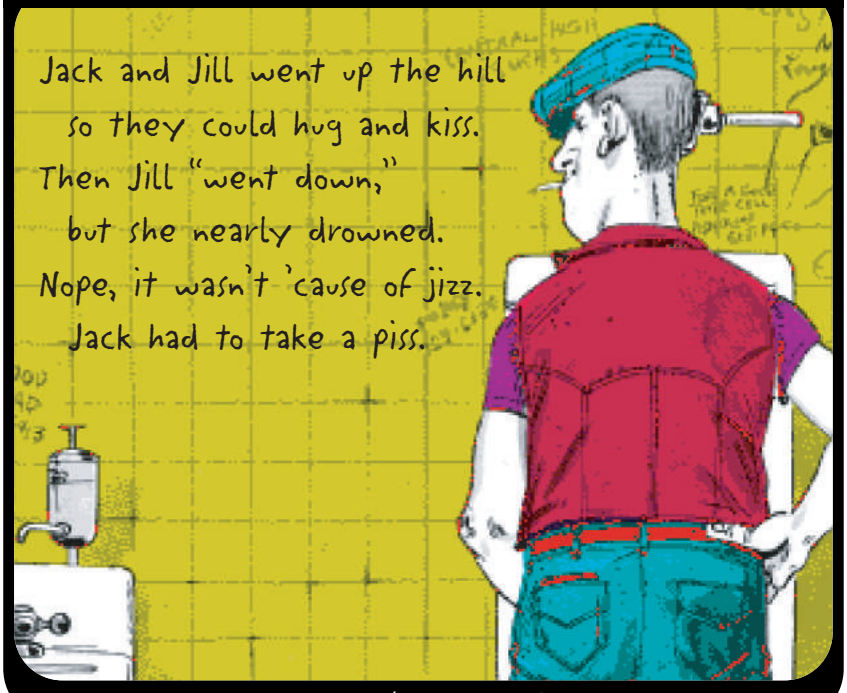
By mistake a blind man wandered into a lesbian biker bar. He found a stool and ordered a beer. After taking a few sips, he yelled, "Anybody wanna hear a blonde joke?!"

The bar immediately became silent. In a husky voice the person next to him warned, "Before you tell that joke, sir, I think it's only fair—given that you're blind—that you should know three things: 1) The bartender is a blond girl with a baseball bat. 2) The bouncer is a blonde, and she's a weightlifter. 3) I'm a 6-foot-tall, 200-pound blond woman with a black belt in karate. So, mister, ya still wanna tell that joke?"

The blind man thought things over, then muttered, "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it three times."

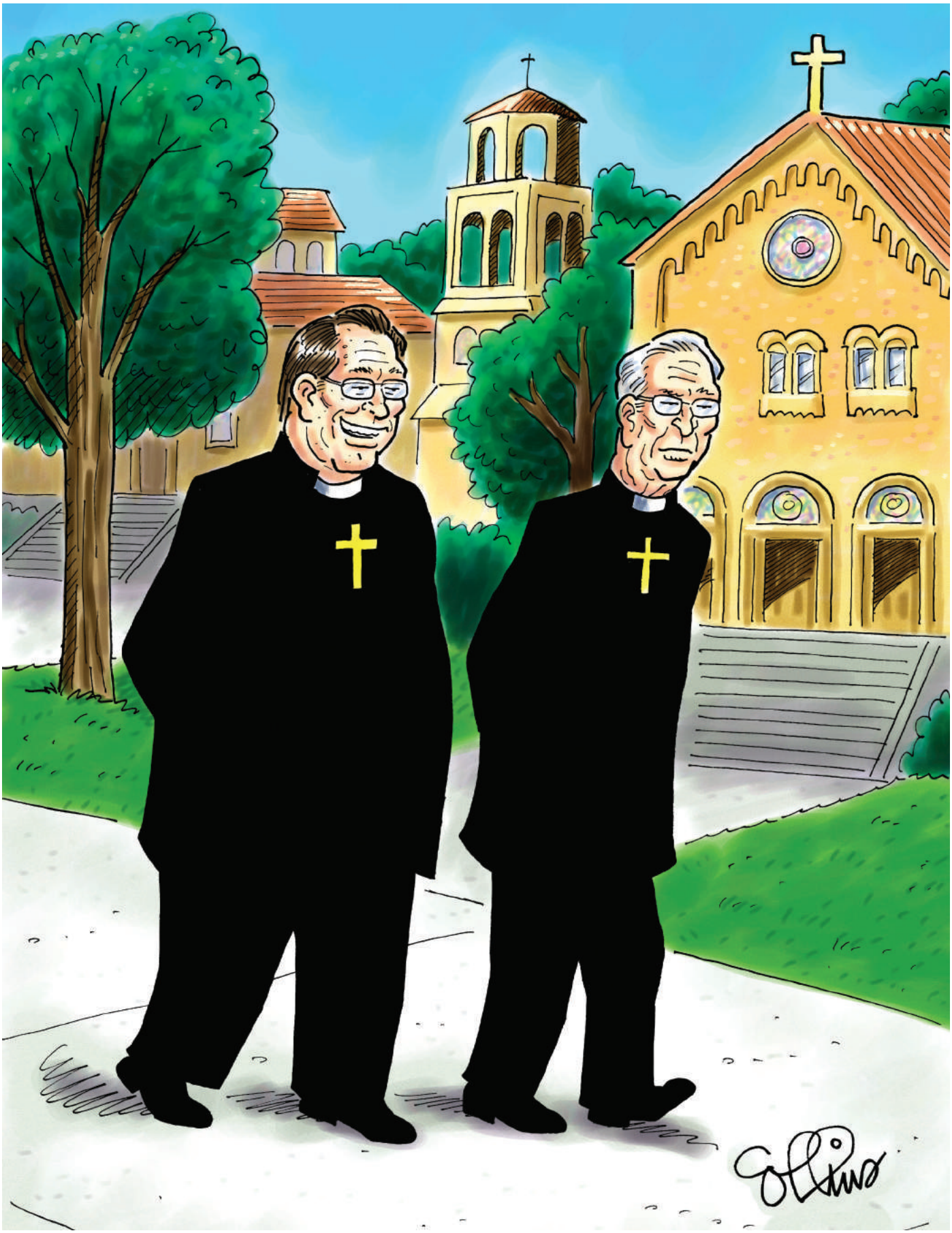
Last fall, Tom stopped by his dyslexic friend Al's house and found him on the back porch. Noticing that his pal was vigorously covering his penis with black shoe polish, Tom howled, "No! You're supposed to turn your *clock back*!"

GRAFFILTHY


Jack and Jill went up the hill
so they could hug and kiss.
Then Jill "went down,"
but she nearly drowned.
Nope, it wasn't 'cause of jizz.
Jack had to take a piss.

Thanks and $50 go to Dennis M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



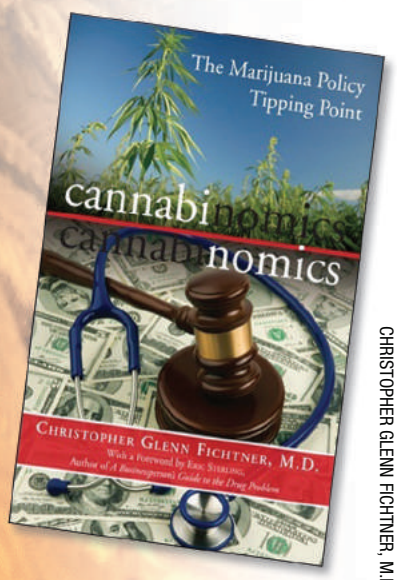
"I have decided to retire from the priesthood so I can spend more time molesting my family."

BY CHRISTOPHER GLENN FICHTNER, M.D.

CANNABINOMICS

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

THE AUTHOR OF *CANNABINOMICS: THE MARIJUANA POLICY TIPPING POINT* MAKES A COMPELLING CASE FOR LEGALIZING MARIJUANA. IN FACT, HE SUGGESTS IT'S INEVITABLE.



HEADSHOT / BOOK COVER COURTESY CHRISTOPHER GLENN FICHTNER, M.D.

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Pot-pourri: *At a medical marijuana grow house in Southern California, A) early stages of ocean-grown (OG) plants, B) high pressure sodium lights on Jack Herer plants, C) Skywalker plants hanging to dry, D) a bundle of the AK-47 strain, while other strains include E) Purple Kush, F) Afgoo, G) Blue Dream, H) Grand Daddy Purple and I) Jack Herer.*

ON JUNE 16, 2011, the 40th anniversary of President Richard Nixon's declaration of "war on drugs," the *New York Times* published an op-ed titled "Call Off the Global Drug War." It was written by none other than former President Jimmy Carter, who cited the "courageous and profoundly important recommendations" of the recent Global Commission on Drug Policy.

These recommendations harkened back to Carter's own message to Congress on August 2, 1977: "Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself. Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana for personal use. The National Commission on Marijuana…concluded years ago that marijuana use should be decriminalized, and I believe it is time to implement those basic recommendations."

More than three decades and millions of marijuana arrests later, roughly one-third of the states have passed laws reflecting consumer demand for access to herbal cannabis as medicine. There has been a resurgence of interest in marijuana decriminalization, and media coverage of Mexico's drug-war violence has exploded. At an early 2009 Presidential town hall meeting, one of the most frequently submitted online questions was whether marijuana legalization might provide a valuable stimulus for economic growth.

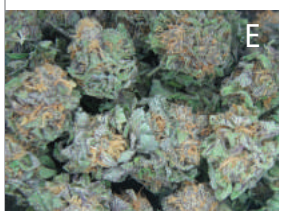
I suggest in my book *Cannabinomics: The Marijuana Policy Tipping Point* that we can now observe an intersection of three policy trajectories: the growing consumer demand for herbal cannabis as medicine; the growing recognition of the drug war itself as a public health problem; and an economic crisis that places a premium on optimizing America's management of its resources.

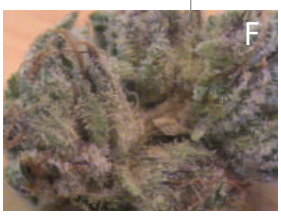
In 2005, the Colorado SAFER campaign organized and passed by majority vote a Denver initiative to decriminalize possession of up to an ounce of marijuana, arguing that cannabis is safer than alcohol. In November 2006, the SAFER campaign took its public health message statewide in Colorado, where it garnered 41% of the vote. That same election day, a South Dakota medical marijuana initiative mustered 48% approval, while 44% of Nevada voters weighed in favorably on an initiative to tax and regulate the herb. Nevada voters put the question of frank legalization on the ballot long before California's Proposition 19 to tax and control cannabis came up short at 46% in 2010.

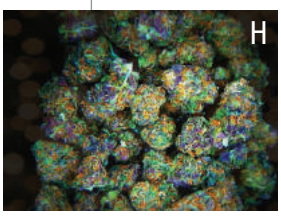
Michigan voters came on board with approval of a medical marijuana law in November 2008, while Massachusetts decriminalized possession with an impressive 65% majority. And only weeks before Proposition 19 failed, California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger signed a bill decriminalizing possession of less than an ounce. Late in 2011, a Gallup poll found 50% nationwide support for marijuana legalization, with only 46% opposed.

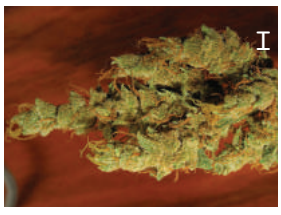
While serving as state mental health director for Illinois, noting similarities and overlap between jail and public psychiatric hospital populations, I reviewed 2003 data from the Illinois Criminal Justice Information Authority. It showed more arrests statewide for marijuana possession than for all other controlled substances combined. This was not far from the national norm. At the same time, I heard testimonials of patients and advocates fighting to pass a medical marijuana law in Illinois.

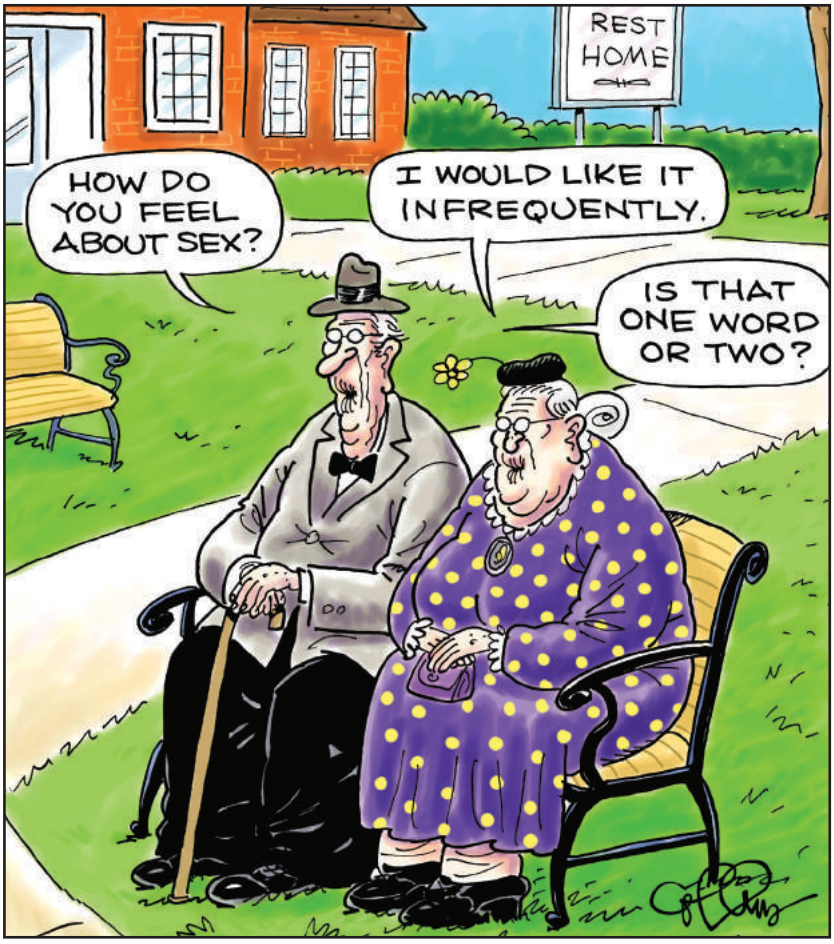
Julie, a bright and articulate woman in her early 40s who had suffered with multiple scle-

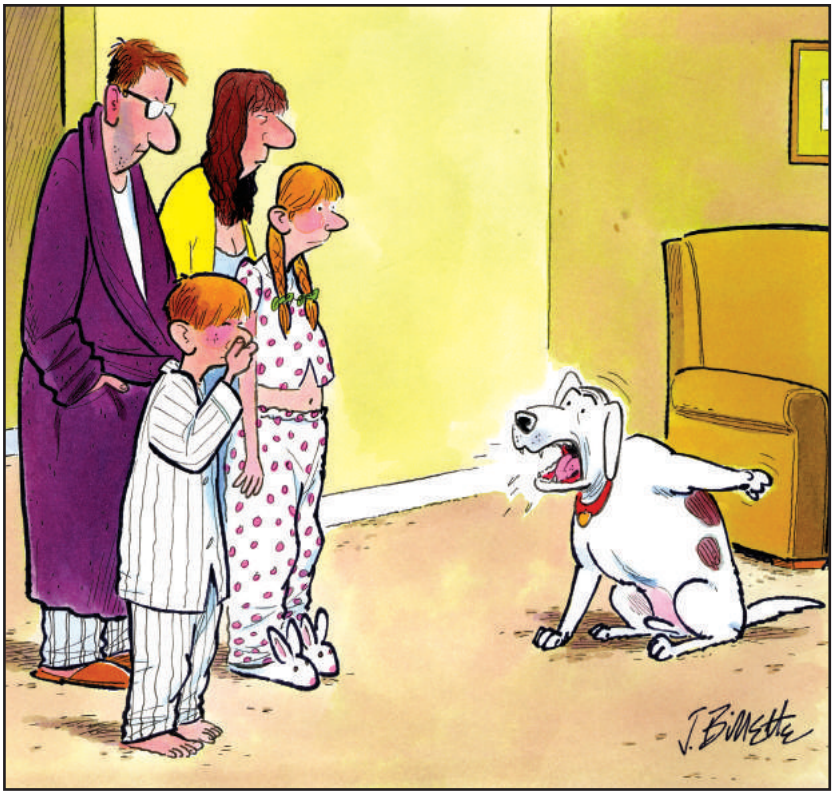












"Finally, you're up! Somebody dropped by, and for some reason, took a huge dump by the back door!"

rosis (MS) for over 20 years, schooled me on language. She would not talk about *marijuana*. In the first place, Julie was not a pot smoker, and more importantly, she refused to accept the hostile projections loaded into a term popularized during the *Reefer Madness* era and built upon racial tensions. Julie ingested herbal cannabis in the form of three small brownies a day, finding that she could then eliminate prescription muscle relaxants that had left her bedridden with sedation, not to mention keep her use of opiate narcotic pain relievers to a minimum.

In addition, Julie had been prescribed antidepressants—MS often induces mood disturbance through its effects on the brain—but tolerated them poorly due to side effects. Cannabis improved her mood without mental impairment. Julie repeatedly testified before Illinois legislative committees and was viewed by all as a clear-headed spokesperson and patient advocate. From Julie, I learned to reframe "marijuana policy debates" as public conversations on society's management of cannabis—which I later termed cannabinomics.

Space will not accommodate all the stories of cannabis consumers chronicled in my book, but they include: Seth, who turned to cannabis to control his epileptic seizures when prescribed medicines didn't work and whose doctor proposed brain surgery while refusing to discuss any possible benefits of marijuana; Jason, who used cannabis to ease phantom limb pain following the amputation of a leg; Mary, whose poststroke rehabilitation included cannabis for chronic pain in an alternative treatment approach that helped her get off prescription medications with uncomfortable side effects; Stuart, who completed his master's degree despite the obstacle of being quadriplegic from cerebral palsy and who relied upon cannabis to relieve his muscle spasticity and improve his mood; plus the AIDS, cancer and hepatitis patients who use cannabis to relieve pain or chemotherapy-induced nausea or to stimulate appetite in wasting syndromes.

The case of Garry, a Southern California medical cannabis patient, illustrates the hazards of the drug war and its economic impact—and the intersection of both with healthcare. In 2006, when county law enforcement officials opposing the state's medical cannabis law paid Garry an early-morning visit with the help of federal agents, he jumped out of bed in response to loud knocking. As he opened his front door, he was greeted by a battering ram and a physical takedown maneuver that left him with a dislocated left shoulder, right hand fractures, blunt head trauma and a back injury that aggravated the arthritis for which he grew cannabis in his garage. Before the raid, Garry earned a high six-figure income in his family-owned business installing custom window treatments. He now collects Social Security disability.

Many physicians *(continued on page 140)*

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MOVIE Mammaries

BOOB TUBE BOOBS! PART 2

Last month, we took a look at some of the best tits on television. There are so many beautiful boobs in this season's prime-time lineup, we couldn't fit them all in one fell swoop. So here's a second season of TV's greatest sets.

As a saucy 1960s stewardess on TV's *Pan Am*, **Christina Ricci** has captured the hearts of the audience—again! The curvy actress literally grew up in show business. Christina went from being the cute girl in the *Addams Family* movies to being the awkward teen in *The Ice Storm* (1997). Her first move into grown-up territory came in the form of a medicated, mammaries-unleashed performance in *Prozac Nation* (2001).

Black Snake Moan (2007) features Ricci in her most believable role: a nymphomaniac who ends up chained to a radiator. She really knows how to pull a chain. We're not into necrophilia, mind you, but seeing Ricci as a naked girl in *After.Life* (2009) made us think twice about copulating with a corpse.

Before becoming a star on the small screen in the recently canceled remake of the classic '70s show *Charlie's Angels*, **Rachael Taylor** had key roles in a series of forgettable films. None would be worth mentioning if not for the fact that they feature their fair share of nudity.

In the dark horror flick *Cedar Boys* (2009), Taylor plays a desperate stripper caught up in a web of underworld intrigue. Like every other mainstream movie about strippers, there is no planned nudity. Luckily for us, Rachael's left tit accidentally slips out for air during one of her lap dance scenes. Use the freeze-frame feature to enjoy the spectacle over and over again.

Taylor also paraded around topless in *Ghost Machine* (2009) during a dramatic locker room scene. This one will have you needing to hit the showers. Speaking of getting wet, the babe's best work came in *Summer Coda* (2010) while she enjoyed a soapy soak sans shirt.

Maria Bello portrays a tough cop kicking ass and taking names on the TV show *Prime Suspect*. Before that, she starred in a string of independent art films. You know what that means: nudity in the name of art. We can't, in good faith, tell you to watch the regrettable karaoke musical-comedy *Duets* (2000) starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Huey Lewis. But if you can stomach it, the flick also features Bello's first onscreen nudity.

The Cooler (2003) is the highlight of Maria's risqué résumé. It features a whole lot of ultrabelievable simulated screwing with our pal William H. Macy. Sex and violence sometimes make a perfect pair, as they do in *A History of Violence* (2005). Playing an abused woman on the edge, Bello gives more than most other mainstream actresses do: lots and lots of full-frontal, bountiful bush. We love art films!

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and television—including some starlets who are now old enough to take it all off legally. We welcome your input and suggestions. If there's a famous hottie you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may put her in the magazine.

CHRISTINA RICCI
AFTER.LIFE

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BLACK SNAKE MOAN

MARIA BELLO
DUETS

MARIA BELLO
THE COOLER

MARIA BELLO
A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

RACHAEL TAYLOR
GHOST MACHINE

(continued from page 67)

Then—whether out of affection or convenience—he rented an apartment in Richmond and had me move in.

That's when I learned Mr. Headlee was a true Tiger.

It turns out that Jon's Chinese astrological symbol is the tiger. According to **Astrology.com**, "Tigers are very confident and are addicted to excitement. Tigers also love being obeyed." It also turns out I was not Jon's first foray into Cougartown. That occurred at a fetish event, which ended with him happily tied to a cross by someone 22 years his elder. Another woman was 12 years older than him. The rest—all from various encounters at clubs—were approximately eight years older. To commemorate his status, Mr. Headlee even has a shirt emblazoned with "Cougar Bait." He wore it on our first outing as Cougar/Tiger. We ventured to RVAlution, a hot fetish dance party held every Tuesday at the Hat Factory, a club in Richmond. Oddly, I played a submissive.

Normally I'm dominant in relationships; I was even a professional dominatrix in my not-so-distant past. But Mr. Headlee operates as a fierce, demanding dominant! Turns out his fantasy was to dominate a domme. In the course of our relationship, he had turned the tables and made me submissive. The scariest part is that I enjoyed it! This was *definitely* not in the Cougar manual.

Humiliation and sexual supplicancy have become a routine I cannot expel from my mind. Now that I'm hanging with Mr. Headlee, the core of my domme being feels challenged and violated. Nevertheless, I enjoy the sexplay, and my sexual appetite has reached new heights. Even so, Mr. Headlee outperforms me libidowise. I find myself trying to catch up to a man 13 years my junior when I leave other men begging me to stop.

I suppose I'm proud to be a Cougar-in-training because I really don't look or act my age. I'm attracted to younger guys. Older men are more set in their ways and have horrid skeletons in their closet! (Like one guy who lived and slept with a convincing pre-op transvestite, something I didn't know until I visited him in Texas. No wonder that when I gave him a pussy Fleshlight for Valentine's Day, he used it as a table decoration!)

When it comes to commitment, I'm still not sure how it works with Cougar dating. I suppose I'll find out in time. So go ahead and wear that "Cougar Bait" T-shirt around me, Mr. Headlee. I don't care. I just need a shirt that says "Cougar-in-training."

Sister Cougars, take it from me. Tigers are the new breed of Cub—sexually adjusted, slightly more knowledgeable and equally as fun. Don't be afraid of them. Just be careful out there, for they lie in wait—on the prowl just as we are—ready to pounce.

Meow, baby, meow!

Born and raised in Richmond, Virginia, Sun Karma is a self-proclaimed "model with an edge," tattoo aficionada, prolific author, avid gamer and HUSTLER's roving reporter. For more, visit **QueenOfRVA.com.**

"Hey, Janis, cancel the rest of my appointments for today. This could take a while."

J. Bilkette
MICHELE BACHMANN SAYS THAT GOD TOLD HER TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT.
I REMEMBER PAT ROBERTSON SAYING THE SAME THING A FEW YEARS BACK... I THINK GOD IS HITTING THE BOTTLE.
RICHMOND EAGLE

PHOTO BY MATTI KLATT

DUFF McKAGAN

UNLOCKED AND LOADED

Since we last spoke to Duff, the legendary bassist for Guns N' Roses and Velvet Revolver, he has joined Jane's Addiction (or did he?), reunited with former bandmate Axl Rose, filmed a reality-TV show, written a book and finished a CD with his band Loaded. Duff stopped by HUSTLER to set the record straight and teach us a thing or two about the evils of social media.

HUSTLER: A lot has happened since the last time we spoke to you.

Duff: Has it? (*Laughs.*)

Yeah. How did you end up joining Jane's Addiction?

The God's honest truth is, about a year ago, I went to dinner with Perry Farrell, his wife and my wife. I've known Perry over the years, for sure since 1987. Drank a little wine, and at the end of the meal, Perry was pretty loose. He asked if I would be interested in helping write a record because Eric Avery, their bassist, had left, and he was really the guy in that band who wrote the songs. I said, "I could try. I don't know if the chemistry will work or not."

We ended up in Perry's garage studio a month or two later putting some stuff together. We took it up to the next level and went over to a rehearsal studio where we could actually have our amps and a big drum kit. We started writing some songs. They had two gigs coming up in Europe and asked me to do those. It was great going through that catalog. Learning those songs made me really appreciate that band. Eric wrote all those songs on the bass.

It came out that we were doing the shows. The guys in Jane's are big tweeters and Facebook users. Whatever happened, one of the guys said, "Yeah, Duff is in the band." Now once you start saying that, everywhere I went I had to answer that. I'm in Velvet Revolver, and I'm in Loaded—not Jane's [Addiction]. I came to rehearsal and said, "Guys, you can't just make an announcement."

Did they ever officially ask you to join?

They did, but I said, "Let's just take one thing at a time. Let's maybe write a record and maybe not Twitter everything and do all that stuff." I wanted to get back to what made them great: the whole dark, mysterious underground. That's really missing in rock 'n' roll. I went in and recorded some songs with them. I had written maybe 12 to 15, maybe more—solid roots of things. And six or seven of those were full songs. I was done.

There was so much hoopla going on. There was nothing to bow out of since my commitment was over as far as what Perry and I had initially talked about. And that's it. Because of all the Twitter and all this stuff, it made it more difficult. I never ever go on Blabbermouth or those sites because all that stuff bums me out. People post everything anonymously. It's soulless. If you go out and start trolling those sites, it's gonna hurt you. Perry and I have talked since, and everything is fine. Way more was made out of it than actually happened.

You also reunited with Axl Rose onstage. How did that happen?

Very organically. I went to London on a business trip that was completely separate from music. I was there to have a week's worth of meetings. I stay in the same hotel every time I go there. The hotel people saw my name, and I guess they thought I was coming over to play with Axl. Because, however it happened, my room was right next to Axl's.

I was going up in the elevator with the hotel manager, and he said, "So you're playing tonight?" I had just flown all the way there; I have a meeting in half an hour. I have to shower and get my ducks in a row. I said, "No. I'm not playing tonight. I'm here on business. You booked me in the room with a conference room attached." Then he asked, "You're not playing tonight? Oh, is it going to be a problem that you're next door to Axl?" And it wasn't.

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

Steel Panther
Balls Out

Meet the new Spinal Tap. Steel Panther plays 1980s hair metal with tongue firmly implanted in cheek. This, their third CD, is full of songs about anal sex ("Just Like Tiger Woods," "Critter") and nasty women ("Gold-Digging Whore," "It Won't Suck Itself") all done with precise musicianship and laugh-out-loud lyrics.

Sebastian Bach
Kicking & Screaming

The former Skid Row singer's latest solo album is the perfect balance of what Baz does best—balls-out rock tunes and power ballads. Tracks like "Dance on Your Grave" and "TunnelVision" (featuring John 5 on guitar) are prime examples of why Bach remains an important and unstoppable force in rock.

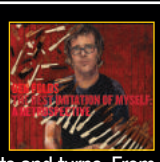
The Jim Jones Revue
Burning Your House Down

Apart from Jon Spencer, no one wails like Jim Jones. The latest CD from his bluesy bar band is a sonic blast of screams and fuzzy guitar licks combined with some beer-soaked piano—all delivered with reckless joy and abandon.

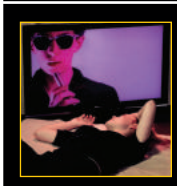
Queen
Catalog Remastered 2

Available as either a ten-disc box set or individual two-CD sets, the second wave of Queen's *Catalog Remastered* rounds up their most popular material. The albums from 1973 to 1982, including *News of the World* (featuring "We Are the Champions" and "We Will Rock You"), *The Game* (featuring "Another One Bites the Dust" and "Crazy Little Thing Called Love") and *Hot Space* (featuring "Under Pressure") are here, as well as *Flash Gordon* and *Jazz*.

Ben Folds
Best Imitation of Myself: A Retrospective



Piano-playing pop star Ben Folds takes a well-deserved moment to reflect. This comprehensive three-CD set traces his career through its many interesting twists and turns. From the hit "Brick" to his brilliant collaboration with writer Nick Hornby, *Best Imitation of Myself* showcases a true artist in full control of his craft.



Geoffrey O'Connor
Vanity Is Forever

Aussie singer O'Connor is best known for leading the Yardbirds-esque band Crayon Fields. One would expect his solo outing to feature more harmony-laden '60s-influenced rock. Instead, he delivers a moody and ethereal disc that recalls the Church. It's perfect pop for a mellow Sunday morning.

DOZEN

CJaye LeRose
Date With the Tub

Country cutie CJaye LeRose sings with a joyful lilt that is sure to remind you of a Nashville superstar—Dolly Parton. CJaye's debut CD is packed with down-home ditties about heartbreak and hope that are sure to win your affection. If that doesn't work, we know the album cover alone will have you making a date with a cold shower.

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
Live Bullet & Nine Tonight

Just in time for a world tour and an as-promised new studio album, Capitol reissues Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band's two seminal live records: *Live Bullet* and *Nine Tonight*. Each of these timeless albums showcases a true American original playing what have now become classic rock radio staples. Plus, the reissues are remastered and feature bonus tracks.

The B-52s
With the Wild Crowd: Live in Athens, GA

A B-52s gig is not just a concert; it's a party! This CD (their first live disc) features the Athens, Georgia, quartet playing in front of a hometown audience, ripping through their catalog of fun and funky '80s hits that includes "Rock Lobster," "Love Shack," "Private Idaho" and "Planet Claire."

Meshell Ndegeocello
Weather

The neo-soul goddess drops the most seductive album of her diverse career. Meshell Ndegeocello strips songs to the bone for a sparse and sultry collection of baby-making music. *Weather* confirms the fact that the master vocalist/bassist can play any style of music, including funk, jazz, rock and soul with absolute perfection.

Archers of Loaf
Icky Mettle

Grunge boasts a lot of great bands: Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Soundgarden. And the underrated, flannel-flying Archers of Loaf. Their magnum opus gets the remastered, reissued treatment with a second disc of bonus tracks. If you missed *Icky Mettle* the first time around, you need to discover it now.

Hank Williams III
3 Bar Ranch Cattle Callin'

Demon cowboy Hank III—the bastard son of Hank Williams Jr. and grandson of the original Hank—does whatever the fuck he wants. Honky-tonk's worst nightmare releases not one or two but four new CDs! Our favorite is the metal-driven doom rocker *3 Bar Ranch Cattle Callin'*.

I think everything happens for a reason. It was really great for us to sort of hook up again. It was great for me at least. We kind of go through life and wonder what would happen if we run into such-and-such a person. I've done a lot of martial arts and sober stuff. And I wondered if all that stuff I did would really work, and it did. Axl and Slash and Steven [Adler] and Izzy [Stradlin] and Matt [Sorum] and I went through a lot together. We were like a young brotherhood that came of age. Trying to figure out how to be men in that fishbowl was really quite bizarre.

What was the first thing you said to Axl before you stepped onstage after 13 years?

We didn't just step onstage. We hung out and just talked, kind of caught up. We have this whole past together. It didn't take that long to get back to where we were years ago.

Do you think there will ever be a full reunion of the original Guns N' Roses lineup?

It was a very private moment in a very public setting. If Axl and I had been in rooms next to each other on a night when he didn't have a show, us reuniting very likely would have never become public knowledge. But because he was playing a gig, he asked me to come down. So we rode to the show together. We had a fucking blast. That's it. I had a really good time hanging out with my old pal.

You've always been really modest when it comes to Guns N' Roses. Do you realize the band's impact on a generation?

The reason that I'm understated about it is because it's so overwhelming. That it affected so many people and still does is great. Look, man, I probably wouldn't be doing this interview if I wasn't in Guns N' Roses. All of our lives would have been vastly different. I get it. I totally get it. We wrote some great songs. We worked hard on the songs we wrote, and we worked hard as a band: getting our shit together, playing every night. All the fucking time. We would hone them. We became better songwriters. We rehearsed twice a day. We lived for it because it was all we had.

When did you know things were happening with GN'R?

We were the seedy underbelly of Los Angeles. Us and Jane's Addiction, actually. The first time I noticed we had made an impact was when we came back to L.A. from the *Appetite for Destruction* tour, where we opened for everybody. When the single "Sweet Child o' Mine" hit, we were still only making a hundred bucks a week. Most of that went home to pay rent on the shitty apartments we had.

Then everything took off. The single went number one. The album went number one. You don't get money right away. We got a sheet cake from fucking Geffen. There we were, sitting on our shitty bus in Sioux City, Iowa, with our sheet cake. It was all so surreal. Our record was number one on Billboard. We got back to L.A., and everyone was dressed like us, with the cowboy boots, skinny jeans, bandannas, rings and aviator shades. That's when I knew, *Okay, something's happening.*

With your new band Loaded, do you apply that same principle of playing a song live until you get it right?

Once we go out, we play all the time. It's a different time, and we are in the information age where you can send tracks back and forth. Two of the band members live in Seattle. I am mostly down here during the school year, and we go to Seattle in the summer. The drummer lives in L.A. We did the record in Seattle with Terry Dade. That was great.

Technology, on one hand, is great. It makes it possible for us to do this band, which features the perfect four guys. But we can't go out and play a residency three days a week for a month to get our shit together. So we have to do that out on the road. But we're all veteran players, and we know the ropes. My manager asked me, "Do you need to do this band?" He was poking at me, trying to get me to remember what it was like to need to be in a band and have it be the only thing you fucking need to do. Loaded is a band I need to have. It keeps me sane.

What is going on with your other band, Velvet Revolver?

I don't have a stock answer for that. Not that I give all stock answers. We've been working with some really good guys singer-wise, but I don't know. Hopefully we'll be doing something after this Loaded tour.

Since you're such a private guy, how the hell did you let your wife convince you to do the reality TV show *Married to Rock*?

Are you married? [**Yes.**] Then you know. "How did you let your wife?" Did you just say that to me? (*Laughs.*) Our wives will do what our wives do. I would like to think that I'm King Hoss around my house and that my fucking word is the law, but that's just not the way it goes. I'm so overruled all the time.

Somebody came to my wife with the idea for a reality show in 2005, right as reality shows were taking off. She got it in her head she wanted to do one. In 2010, she got offered a show. I said, "Okay, honey, that's great. You do the show. What's it called?" She said, "*Married to Rock*. It's about women married to rock guys."

Oh, right. I'm the rock guy. At this point, it didn't dawn on me that I would have to do the show. It's no secret around my house that I fucking hate reality TV. I don't hate anything *except* reality TV. My wife said, "All you have to do is do something cute like go camping with Perry Farrell." What?! I'm not going to do things I don't do. My dear wife, I love her to death and will do whatever she wants—up to a point!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

TEDDYBEARS

GETTING A BIG HEAD

The Swedish dance-pop outfit the Teddybears isn't your average band. They play layered and well-thought-out dance music. Their CDs, including the latest *Devil's Music*, feature an array of cool guest vocalists led by Iggy Pop, Mad Cobra and Neneh Cherry. Oh, and they wear giant teddy bear heads! Who better to interview the Teddybears than HUSTLER's own giant animal, Bucky Beaver? The band and the Beav met at the HUSTLER studio in Beverly Hills to chat—in costume—about "furries," unibrows and sweaty Swedish sex.

HUSTLER: How did the group start?

THE TEDDYBEARS: We started out long ago as a hard-core/grindcore outfit. Even though the music we started out playing together did not sound like it, we all shared a mutual love for Kraftwerk, Public Enemy and the Egyptian Lover, and eventually we started developing more in that direction.

Which came first, the band's name or the idea to wear giant bear heads?

Actually, for the first couple of years as a band, we weren't wearing the heads. We started wearing the heads after we found one of them in the costume warehouse of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theatre when we were looking for props for a video shoot.

Why bears?

They're furry, cozy, extremely handsome yet lethal. We just identified with them.

With so much death metal in Scandinavia, why did you decide to go in the other direction?

We got into a huge fight with the guy who, at the time, was our drummer and that resulted in us firing him and substituting him with a drum machine. That sounded amazing, and the whole thing snowballed from there. We kind of did the same thing with our singer and started bringing in truly talented vocalists to do guest performances. From then on, all the rules changed.

Do people ever confuse you for sports teams' mascots?

No.

Does it get hot inside your bear heads when you perform live?

Not so much anymore. We have had state-of-the-art A/C as well as full cable TV facilities built into them.

The interior of my giant beaver head smells like maple syrup. What do yours smell like?

Vanilla Wunder-Baum [air freshener] and cherry-flavored gum.

What is the longest amount of time—minutes or hours—you've remained in the heads?

There is a sense of time warp when you enter the head, kind of like Alice in the rabbit hole. You often can't tell how much time has passed when you take it off. There have been incidents with delirium and psychosis-like symptoms after some of the longer shows. All in good fun, though.

A lot of dance-music artists, including Daft Punk and Deadmau5, wear masks or heads. What are you all trying to hide?

We are all cross-eyed with humongous unibrows and weird noses, kind of like Bert from *Sesame Street*. Or '80s Madonna.

Who do you think would win in a bar fight between you and Deadmau5?

There is actually a fight on Pay-Per-View coming up later this year, and the betting is already off the Richter. We are in heavy training mode. Even though we have the deepest respect for Deadmau5 as a musician, we are pretty confident that the three bears will kick one dead rodent's ass.

What kind of women are attracted to men in bear heads?

We tend to attract the intelligent and sensitive women who just want to blow off some steam without too many complications—not to name anyone but quite a few high-ranking government officials and prominent women athletes.

Have you ever heard of "furries"?

We are very well acquainted with that particular demographic.

Ever make love while still wearing your bear head?

No.

Why not?

That would be ridiculous. We don't "make love." We have sweaty sex—Swedish style.

Do you worry about being considered a novelty act and that the heads might distract from the music?

Not really. We think it's a question of cultural references. All the bands we grew up listening to had weird image stuff that they did, from Black Sabbath to Kraftwerk. We find that their musical qualities always outlive their gimmickry. Hopefully that is the case with our music and the damned bear masks as well.

You've collaborated with so many great artists. Who have been you favorites?

They all contribute with their own temperament to the mix, and that brings out new sides in us that we couldn't have accessed without the unique meeting of minds. Every time that happens, it's magic.

You released the nonalbum track "No More Michael Jackson." Do you miss him? If selected, do you think you would have been an impartial juror in his doctor's trial?

We wrote the song because we miss Michael Jackson. What he created in his art will live forever. We are foreigners, so we can't be summoned for jury duty, praise the Lord.

Are you really making the "devil's music"?

In the most positive and very best sense of the word, yes.

Since you dress up all the time to perform, what do you wear on Halloween?

We put on our stressed-out-accountant suits and perform random audits on people.

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

Forget the flowers; here's what's blooming in May.

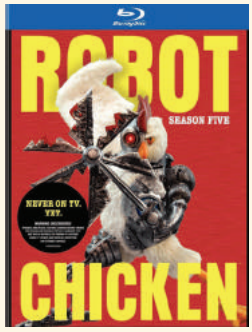
THE EXPENDABLES (EXTENDED DIRECTOR'S CUT)

Experience the explosive adventure film as originally envisioned by director Sylvester Stallone. Headlined by a powerhouse cast (including Stallone, Jet Li, Mickey Rourke and Arnold Schwarzenegger), *The Expendables* follows a team of hardened mercenaries sent on a suicide mission to overthrow a ruthless dictator. In his director's cut, Stallone has given the thriller a new opening and 11 additional minutes of footage. Plus there's a behind-the-scenes documentary of this action-packed blockbuster.

ARENA

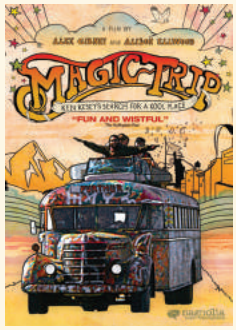
Samuel L. Jackson gets top billing as Logan, a savvy and sadistic businessman who has created an online empire with a fight-to-the-death gladiatorial Web site. The latest star of Logan's perverse endeavor is kidnapped fireman David Lord, now imprisoned and forced to fight for his life. As the body count escalates, and with his most challenging battle looming, Lord unleashes a torrent of bloody carnage while revealing a secret that threatens to tear down Logan's entire enterprise. Featuring a plethora of violence and nudity, this hard-hitting film is a must-watch.

ROBOT CHICKEN SEASON FIVE



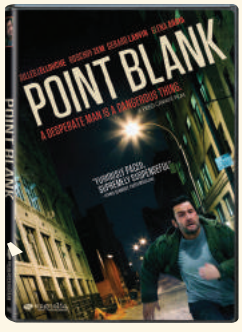
Producer Seth Green's brainchild is back with another helping of slaphappy, stop-motion nonsense. Laughs abound as *Robot Chicken* lampoons pop culture with its signature clay figures and animated action. Finally, fans of crude humor can watch the entire fifth season—hours and hours of gut-busting sketches—all in one mind-numbing session. Oh, heaven! This DVD is also brimming with sidesplitting bonus features including commentary from the creators themselves.

MAGIC TRIP



Watch firsthand the legendary, LSD-fueled cross-country road trip that gonzo author Ken Kesey and "The Merry Pranksters" embarked on in 1964. Chronicled by Tom Wolfe in his book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, the renegade group of counterculture truth-seekers intended to make a documentary of their odyssey, but the project was never completed. Now 100 hours of raw footage and audiotape have been restored and compiled into one fascinating retrospective. With *Magic Trip*, Oscar-winning director Alex Gibney and Alison Ellwood provide unprecedented access to an extraordinary piece of American history.

POINT BLANK



Samuel Pierret (Gilles Lellouche) is a nurse on duty at a Paris hospital when his pregnant wife is abducted before his very eyes. He eventually learns that a cutthroat criminal named Hugo Sartet is responsible. If Samuel is ever to see his wife again, he must fulfill the kidnapper's requests. Pitted against rival gangsters and trigger-happy cops, Samuel finds himself in a deadly race to save the lives of his wife and unborn child. Jam-packed with action and gore, this French flick is a real thriller.

KELLY ROWLAND

DESTINY FULFILLED

As part of the multiplatinum R&B group Destiny's Child, **Kelly Rowland** rocketed to the top of the music world. Thanks to sold-out concert tours, millions of record sales and countless TV appearances, Kelly became a bona fide superstar, and Destiny's Child became one of the bestselling female groups ever. Sadly for Kelly, as is the case with most all-girl acts, the focus eventually shifted away from the group as a whole and landed squarely on its prettiest member. In this case, Beyoncé Knowles.

Even though some viewed Rowland as the best singer in Destiny's Child, she was constantly overshadowed by the bootylicious Beyoncé. When Ms. Knowles eventually decided to splinter the trio and pursue a solo career, Rowland and Michelle Williams were left in the dust. Not content to be a footnote in musical history and desperate to get her fame back, Kelly Rowland has released a series of relatively unsuccessful solo CDs with a variety of musical styles, including R&B, pop and gospel. Nothing, however, worked for her…until now.

While performing at a small venue in New Jersey, Rowland reignited the world's interest. Proving that she really is a star, one of her naughty little nipples slipped out of her tight top! After all, we bet Beyoncé would never do something like that. Seriously, Beyoncé, please take out a tit. Oh, wait. Now that the hottie is married to Jay-Z and carrying the rapper's baby, he might find that last comment inappropriate. Sorry, Jay. Please don't pop a cap in our ass. Oh, and Kelly, you were always our favorite. Keep up the good work!

Remember, every month HUSTLER works hard to bring you the best in famous flesh. If you have revealing photos of former pop stars and their terrific tits, please get in touch with us pronto at ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may just want to buy them to publish for the whole world to enjoy.

STEVE
JOBS
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STRANGE LOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

MADISON & BARRY

Thanks to her awesome breasts, Roxana (**Madison Ivy**) has always had an easy lot in life. From an early age, men would bend over backwards to please her. Roxana never had to woo a dude in the least. So when her enigmatic, bespectacled co-worker Gary (**Barry Scott**) showed no interest in her, she was mystified. Roxana became hell-bent on banging him…in fact, banging him with extreme prejudice.

Roxana tried to talk to Gary at the office, but he was always listening to the band Toto on his iPod. One night after work, the determined gal infiltrated Gary's weekly Scrabble game. She spelled out "I Love U" with her tiles, but he challenged the play on the grounds that it wasn't a valid word. Her opponent was correct.

Fearing she was running out of chances with Gary, Roxana took bold action. The knockout showed up on his doorstep unannounced. When Gary opened the door, she told him he could do whatever he wanted with her.

"Do you mean sexually?" Gary asked.

"Yes, absolutely," Roxana gushed. "Emotionally, spiritually and physically, I am all yours."

"Cool," Gary snorted. "Start off by getting me a beer."

Madison Ivy is mad for sex in *Madison Ivy Loves Cock*, *Barely Legal: All by Myself #7*, *Barely Legal: School Girls #5*, *This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX*, *This Ain't Cheaters XXX*, *This Ain't Curb Your Enthusiasm XXX*, *Porn Stars Love Facials*, *Busty Beauties: The A-List #5* and *Busty Beauties: The A-List #6* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **Hustler Hollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Jessie Andrews (as Iris) and Misty Stone (above) work the mean streets of **Taxi Driver**.*

Taxi Driver—A XXX Parody

PLEASURE DYNASTY. DIRECTOR: GENERAL STONE. STARRING: JESSIE ANDREWS, MISTY STONE, CHANEL PRESTON, AURORA SNOW, NIKKI CHARM, LILY LABEAU, TOMMY PISTOL, SEAN MICHAELS, TOM BYRON, BILL BAILEY & EVAN STONE.

"Are you lookin' at me?" It would have been funny if one of the naked chicks in this flick had that line, but unfortunately this movie doesn't try to be clever. This cancer-serious "parody" mimics (and butchers) the original masterpiece with dialogue lifted from the screenplay and acting that De Niro would scrape off the bottom of his shoe (which is still miles better than most porn). More importantly, it shows us all the smut Scorsese skipped over, such as why Travis Bickle was always having to clean the cum off the backseat of his cab. Misty Stone and her gorgeous caramel ass heat up the vinyl in the first fuck scene, which is nicely shot for being in such close quarters. The most anticipated twat, though, is teen hooker Iris, spunkily played by Jessie Andrews. (Her age has been boosted to a barely legal 18½ to help you stay in denial about the fact that you're getting off on child prostitution.) Jessie's no Jodie Foster, but her blowjobs are probably better. As much as we hate to applaud hack work, we've got to admit this ripoff is suprisingly watchable and solidly strokable. If only we could go back in time to 1975 and show this movie on 42nd Street—just to blow Martin Scorsese's mind! ***—M.J.***

*Teagan Presley (with Nina Mercedez), Andy San Dimas and Briana Blair (bottom) visit the **Grindhouse**.*

Grindhouse XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTORS: DAVID LORD & ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: TEAGAN PRESLEY, ALEXIS FORD, NINA MERCEDEZ, BRITNEY AMBER, INDIA SUMMER, BRIANA BLAIR, ANDY SAN DIMAS, DERRICK PIERCE, SETH GAMBLE, MR. PETE, ROCCO REED & RALPH LONG.

This sleazy and surprisingly well-made homage to classic sticky-floor flicks is way more grindhouse than anything Hollywood poseur Quentin Tarantino could pull off because—hello!—that's what porn is! The two-disc double feature kicks off with a hilarious psycho-bunny trailer before plunging into a delicious shower scene with Teagan Presley and Nina Mercedez that would be great on an old, stained movie screen, even if you were surrounded by strokers in raincoats. Teagan's "Student Assassin" offers plenty of prime beat-off opportunites, and our heroine whacks her enemies like she's been playing with knives and guns her whole life. Rose McGowan eat your heart out! The second feature, "Massacre at Pine Lake," is even better at being bad, with Andy San Dimas looking more fuckable than ever and Alexis Ford embodying the perfect slutty camp counselor who has to fight a psycho killer and pound a lot of dick at the same time. Now *that's* grindhouse! We're giving this flick our Travis Bickle Award for most tasteless date movie. (You better get her drunk first.) ***—M.J.***

Asphyxia Noir, Brooklyn Lee and Britney Amber (bottom) lead the **ESPN** scorecard.

This Ain't ESPN XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ALANAH RAE, McKENZIE LEE, BRITNEY AMBER, ASPHYXIA NOIR, BROOKLYN LEE, LEE STONE, JACK NAPIER, ROCCO REED, DANNY WYLDE & OTTO BAUER.

Pro jocks get more pussy than anyone else, so at least this attempt gets that much right. As parodies go, let's just say it's been a rough season. Are these fuck-for-pay pros doped up or just lame? They sure don't channel ESPN's cocaine-fueled energy like they could have (it ain't that hard), but do you really fuckin' care? You're just going to fast-forward to the highlights anyway—like Alanah Rae replaying one of Erin Andrews' locker room suck-offs, McKenzie Lee taking it deep in the backfield like a true athlete and Brooklyn Lee doing her horniest Danica Patrick. Go Daddy! Yes, there are actual funny ESPN parodies out there—like *Onion Sports* and *Sports Freak-Out!*—but do they have naked, willing cum receptacles or giant, back-alley boob jobs that look like they're trying to break free and start careers of their own? No they don't! So, shut up, stop trying to think, and get another big-screen TV so you can watch this *and* the game at the same time! Order it now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

Escort *girls Selena Rose (with Jynx Maze at bottom) and Kayden Kross work for tips.*

Escort

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: SELENA ROSE, KAYDEN KROSS, RILEY STEELE, JYNX MAZE, MANUEL FERRARA, MARCO RIVERA & TOMMY GUNN.

Here's a flick to remind you that you're one of the 99% and can't afford to hire an escort whenever you want one. Gee, thanks. Latina it-girl Selena Rose headlines this soap opera about a spoiled wife (Kayden Kross) who entraps her husband into cheating on her with the hottest piece of ass in town. How is that fair? Selena throws her pint-sized self into a couple of spirited scenes that illustrate why the Sin City-born brat went from obscurity to the A-list overnight. She's the obvious star (and costs $1,000 a pop according to this flick), but the blond contingent of Riley Steele and the revenge-fucking Kayden pad out the strokable cast nicely. *Escort* is pretty typical stuff, but it'll do until the big, greedy banks give us back all our hooker money. If these girls really want to do something useful, they should go down to their local Occupy encampment and show their support. The 99% needs escorts too! ***—M.J.***

Farm Girls
Samantha Saint, Taylor Vixen (with Briana Blair) and juicy duo Jennifer White and Giselle Leon (bottom) get their furrows plowed.

Farm Girls Gone Bad

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JONATHAN MORGAN. STARRING: TAYLOR VIXEN, SAMANTHA SAINT, TASHA REIGN, BRIANA BLAIR, GISELLE LEON, PHOENIX MARIE, JENNIFER WHITE, CHRIS JOHNSON, ROCCO REED, DANNY MOUNTAIN & MICK BLUE.

Imagine the episode of *Hee Haw* you always dreamed of, all shot in the great outdoors! The sun shines and the birds tweet (without cell phones) as country gal Phoenix Marie climbs into the bed of her dude's pickup and helps him plant some seed. Now *that there's* what nature intended, folks! Lemonade-stand girls Jennifer White and Giselle Leon, meanwhile, fight for Junior's business before doin' the sensible thing and teamin' up for some customer satisfaction. Tasha Reign shows us what that farmer's daughter was up to, and we'll be hogtied if it ain't just how pappy always told it, bouncin' jugs and all. That city slicker even made sure to wear a rubber! Finally, Briana Blair and Taylor Vixen give each other a good ol' Southern hoedown, er, hose-down while Samantha Saint packs a big sausage in her picnic basket. Reminiscent of a Russ Meyer nudie cutie, but with lots more vagina, *Farm Girls Gone Bad* ain't newfangled or fancy, just a good ol' wholesome dirty movie. Tain't nothin' wrong with that. ***—M.J.***

***MILFs** Skylar Price, Raylene and Brooke Belle (bottom) rehearse for Oedipus Rexxx.*

MILFs in Charge

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARK ZANE. STARRING: RAYLENE, BROOKE BELLE, PHOENIX MARIE, SKYLAR PRICE, SOPHIA LYNN, LEE STONE, MARK WOOD, MARK ZANE, BARRETT BLADE & JOEY BRASS.

You got Mommy issues; don't even try to deny it! Just get this DVD and work that shit out. There's no better therapy than a good stroke, and mature masseuse Raylene knows how to work a tight muscle. If you like ladies who look like they've been around, Raylene's got the flab you crave. Brooke Belle is just as nicely aged, putting out a nice spread on the kitchen table. The cellulite parade passes through a few more standard-delivery fuck scenes before lovely Sophia Lynn puts it all to bed with a fine bout of dick-draining troop support. Keep those home fires burning! This is supposed to be a bossy MILFs collection, but on the whole, the quintet of voluptuous way-past-legals on this disc are so caring and nurturing, you'll want to send them all a Mother's Day card after you get finished wiping the cum off your TV screen. Remember when dear old Mom did that for you? That's why you're lazy and alone. Order this disc now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

TUNNEL OF
MARRIAGE

THIS AIN'T URBAN COWBOY XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

In 1980, moviegoers flocked to *Urban Cowboy*, starring John Travolta (Bud), Debra Winger (Sissy) and Scott Glenn (Wes). Set in a Houston-area honky-tonk, the romantic drama delivered plenty of mechanical bull riding, but it was notably short on hardcore boning. Thus, HUSTLER Video has come to the rescue with *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX*.

To kick things off, songbird Dolly (**Mariah Madysinn**) gets double-teamed by a pair of erect cowpokes (**Scott Lyons** and **Alec Knight**). Meanwhile, Sissy (**Andy San Dimas**) is seduced by the manly Bud (**Seth Gamble**). Having had her fill of riding a fake bull, Sissy is ready to hop aboard a genuine cock. As for former good girl Marshalene (**Dana DeArmond**), she can't help getting corrupted by the roguish Wes (**Otto Bauer**). Before the evening is over, this randy duo has fucked in every corner of the honky-tonk.

If these hot chicks have awakened the urban cowboy within you, don't neglect to seek out *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX*.

This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"My fantasy is having two sexy guys at the same time."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SAMANTHA

"I want to experience new things, and nude modeling was high on my list," announces Samantha, an aspiring nurse from Oak Hill, Ohio. "It shows that I'm confident about my body. I have a good outlook, and I want all I can get out of life." That credo is now punctuated by peeling down to her birthday suit in a timely fashion—the 5-foot-6 neophyte will celebrate her 22nd in May—and with a fashionable muff. "I like the way my cooka looks," Samantha coos. "No hair down there is just too plain." Proving she's no Plain Jane in any way, the "outgoing" sweetie discloses, "I like hanging out with friends, drinking till dawn and not remembering what happened. My fave rock bands are Five Finger Death Punch, Alice in Chains and My Darkest Days; my fave TV shows are *Jersey Shore* and *Sons of Anarchy*; and I love strawberries." But Samantha hasn't forgotten sex: "I prefer guys with a nice body and a good-sized dick, and my fave position is being down on all fours. I like feeling the guy behind me—the rougher the better. I'm straight, but if there's a hot bitch around, I'm not saying I wouldn't be interested. I just met a chick named Brandee [*Beaver Hunt*, April '12], and I've got a feeling she wants to seduce me. Maybe I should tell her I'm down for that." So are we! —Photos by Friend

HONEY CHINNO

"I've dreamed of being a porn star, but sadly I've never had any sex-related jobs," laments Honey Chinno, 24, a loan officer from Clarksville, Tennessee. "But my soul mate lets people see me naked. He even likes to watch me fuck other men and women. Since he thinks I do everything amazingly well when it comes to sex, I'm perfect for him, and that's what counts." Back for an orgasmic encore, Honey can always be counted on to be an amorous virtuoso. "I love fucking doggy-style, sucking cock and eating pussy," declares the 5-foot-0 dynamo, whose secondary interests are shopping, crime shows and football. "I've never had a complaint. Aiming to please, I like to hear moans and see squirting. That means I've done a great job. I've lived out most of my fantasies. If anything, I'd love to do porn and get paid. I'm already doing the same type of stuff for free." That makes Honey Chinno the most ribald vixen in the Volunteer State. —Photos by Husband

"I have a lot of fun posing nude for HUSTLER."

"When I get fucked just right, I come hard, and my legs start to quiver as I squirt all over the place."

TINA-MARIE

"I like slinging hash," professes this succulent 27-year-old from Calabasas, California. As you can see, the 5-foot-5 waitress with a hairless gash also likes slithering out of her duds when a camera is in the vicinity. "A woman has much more sex appeal when she's nude," Tina-Marie maintains. Boosting her own appeal, the *South Park*, *King of the Hill* and *Family Guy* fan confides, "I always give my man whatever he wants—food, drinks and me! What *I* want the most is getting fucked from behind while I'm eating pussy." Also big on Italian cuisine and heavy metal music—particularly Poison—Tina-Marie bellows, "I would so love to fuck Bret Michaels!"

—Photos by Friend

"My favorite pastime is sex, sex, sex and more sex."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SHELLIE

"Honestly, I shave because it makes my coochie look smaller."

"Showing off my body makes me feel naughty," proclaims Shellie, a self-described "go-getter" from Craftsbury, Vermont. A May candle-blower, the soon-to-be 22-year-old may be one of our naughtiest newbies ever. "I'm a bi-curious, seductive little kitty," Shellie shells out. "If you watch a TV show or movie with me, I'm quiet, *and* you'll get a blowjob." But the 5-foot-6 *Jersey Shore* follower, whose outdoor endeavors include horseback riding and swimming, has more in store: "I went on a blind date with an older man, and his dick was huge. It was impossible to be quiet while riding him in the very back row of a theater." Shellie's also an avid backdoor babe: "I love fucking doggy-style, especially anal. It feels *really* good, and I know my men like my tight ass." It seems the Katy Perry diehard is eager to make her keister even more accessible. "I want to be naked in the middle of a concert," Shellie asserts, "so everyone can see my body. And maybe get a few booty calls out of it." —Photos by Friend

"When there's a big dick in my ass, I love the tight feeling. Plus there's a little bit of pain at first, which makes it even better."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

BARBIE

"I love my body, and I love taking my clothes off," trumpets this "free-spirited, wild and crazy" 20-year-old from Waco, Texas. "So why not show the whole world?" Barbie, a 5-foot-9 dancer with homegrown 38DD hooters, is the consummate exhibitionist. "I get off shaking my tits and ass for money," the ex-cheerleader exults, but the general public gets an occasional freebie. "I've streaked in parks," Barbie elaborates, "I've skinny-dipped in public pools and at Lake Waco, and I'll flash people from my car and in stores and movie theaters." Speaking of entertainment, the running and shopping buff reveals, "I love cheesy horror movies and murder movies, *Modern Family* and *American Horror Story*." But Barbie isn't scary at all: "I'm single and seductive, meaning I'm a great person to watch TV with. I make everything more fun and interesting." No kidding! "I love giving head to guys and going 69 with the ladies," Barbie fesses up. "My favorite positions are doggy-style and on top. And when I get fucked from behind, I like my ass to be smacked and my hair to be pulled. I love it rough, and I *really* love anal sex." Barbie is truly brazen: "I also masturbate, usually while I'm watching porn. Now I'm hankering to be in a porno so that everyone can watch me getting my brains fucked out!" —Photos by Friend

DESTINY

"I guess it was my destiny to be naked in HUSTLER," reckons this bride-to-be from Dawson, Texas, who's bookending our roundup as May birthday gal number 3. "Now everyone will know I'm a shaver." They'll also know that Destiny will be crossing the 30 plateau and that she's into Guns N' Roses, hunting, fishing, basketball, volleyball, *CSI* and social networking. But the 6-footer has bigger fish to fry: sex. "I'm bi, horny all the time and a freak in bed," the both-way oral enthusiast admits. Providing clarification, Destiny adds, "Threesomes are the greatest! I love getting to eat pussy while a guy is doing me doggy-style and saying nice things about my ass." The nympho has a few more nice things to say: "My fantasy is to have me a fella at both ends, and I've done anal more than once." —Photos by Friend

"I like a fella who's tall, not too thin and not too big. Fucking shouldn't be painful."

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Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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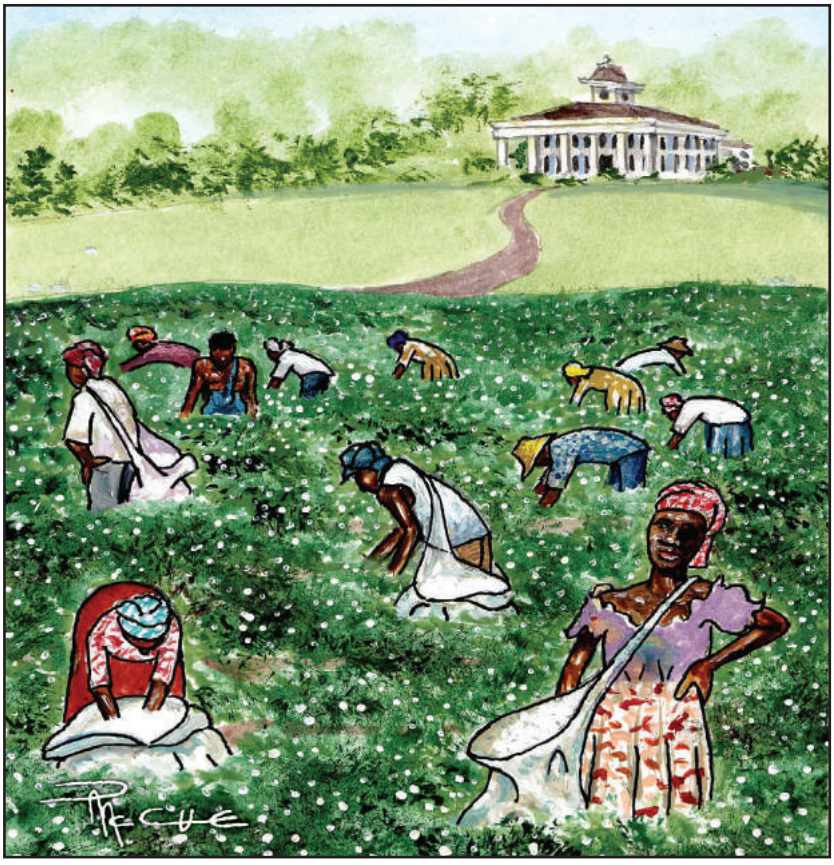
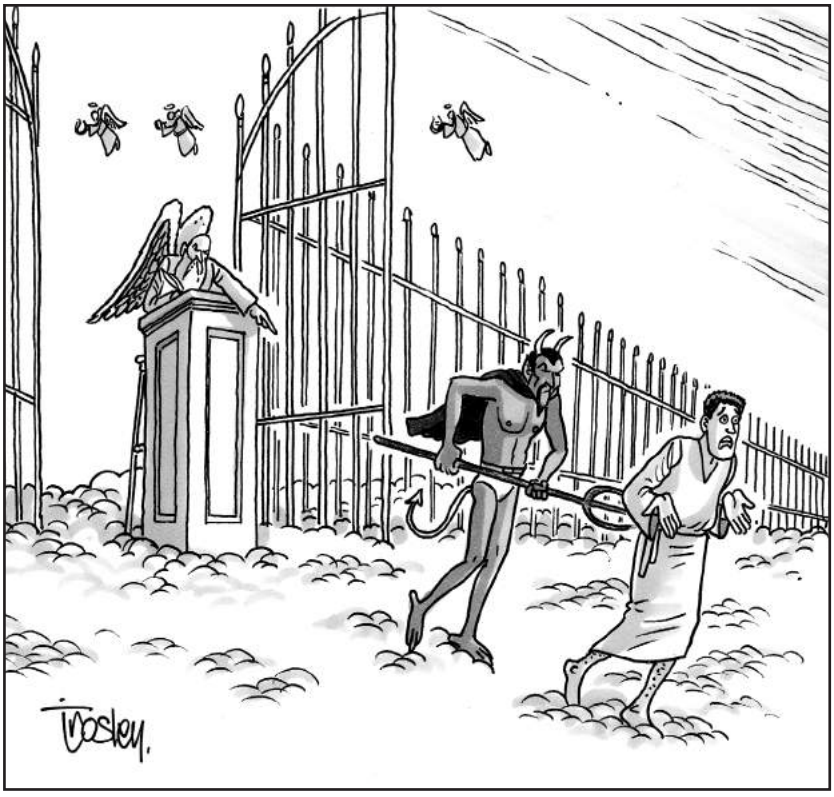


Tea Party Republicans come up with their own jobs plan.



"Sheesh...eternity in hell?! I only went to *one* Michele Bachmann rally!"

(continued from page 84)

writing medical cannabis recommendations believe that the safety and side effects profile of herbal cannabis favor its availability over the counter rather than on a strict prescription basis, but with an age restriction because it is psychoactive. The "age-restricted, over-the-counter" idea begins to break down the distinction between medicinal and personal use. As a physician and psychiatrist, I would not hold that "all use is medicinal," but I would offer the guiding principle that "all use should be therapeutic." Cannabis use need not be pigeonholed into either the palliative care of dying patients, on one hand, or "substance abuse" on the other.

Herbal cannabis contains an array of chemical compounds—some psychoactive, or mind-altering—and others not. The best-studied of these cannabinoid compounds known to be primarily responsible for the mood-elevating or euphoric effects of marijuana (the "high") is delta-(9)-tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), ironically available as medicine in the United States since 1985. THC is used to alleviate nausea and vomiting from chemotherapy, for stimulation of appetite in AIDS wasting and sometimes for pain relief.

Science tells us that built-in chemical receptors in the human body recognize these cannabinoid molecules. The receptors belong to a natural chemical messenger system that includes the bodily substance anandamide, which produces weak marijuanalike effects. (*Ananda* is the Sanskrit word for "bliss.") With the discovery of this endocannabinoid system, numerous cannabinoid compounds other than THC are now being studied, with growing evidence of potential medicinal applications.

For example, cannabidiol (CBD) is a molecule chemically related to THC but is nonpsychoactive, meaning it won't get you high. Emerging research suggests that CBD may be a better muscle relaxant and anticonvulsant than THC. In addition, CBD appears to have antianxiety effects (as does THC, at modest doses, for some individuals) and may even help alleviate symptoms of psychosis seen in cases of schizophrenia.

But what about reports that use of marijuana may lead to mental illness—especially schizophrenia? The best research to date on the weak statistical association between marijuana use and schizophrenia suggests that cause-and-effect may run in both directions. While research suggests that some people with schizophrenia are genetically vulnerable to adverse effects from marijuana, other research finds a subset whose cannabis use may be associated with improved cognitive functioning.

Academic contributors to the "marijuana and psychosis" research literature often cite the Yale University study that infused volunteer subjects intravenously with THC, only to find that some of them became paranoid and had perceptual disturbances. They ignore the *(continued on page 151)*

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Alexa Vidal

AGE: 28

LOCATION: STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

URL: **Facebook.com/#!/pages/Alexa-Vidal-LLC-Model-page/116894438354784**

Born in New York City, Alexa moved to the tranquil locale of Connecticut, where she was sent to a private school by her somewhat protective parents. It seemed to work: Alexa spent weekends at home studying, rarely going out on dates. "I was a very good girl on the outside," she recalls. "But inside, I was dreaming of one day being in HUSTLER Magazine."

As you can see, Alexa's fantasy has come true. In fact, the 5-foot-3 firecracker was so eager to pursue modeling that she flat-out quit her job at a law firm. "Now I'm an absolute workaholic," Alexa reveals. "I love my new career! However, I always find time to wind down, especially to hike, run with my two gorgeous German shepherds, work out and shop."

Being a flashy fashion aficionada, Alexa has a special place in her heart for sexy lingerie and the polar opposite. "I have a thing for men's button-down shirts," she explains with a wicked laugh. "I keep them to remind me of all the great sex I've had."

With a HUSTLER showcase under her belt, Alexa now has a second wet dream she hopes to someday fulfill. "I'd love to have my way with a hot and sexy firefighter," the sultry scorcher shamelessly confides. "There's just something about being with a guy in uniform and the possibility of being caught in the act that really turns me on!"

Sounds like Alexa Vidal is liable to ignite rather than extinguish a blaze. Let's just hope her heartthrob has a hose that's powerful enough to fully quench the inevitable inferno.

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

BY BRITTANY CORL

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

PENN STATE'S HARSH REALITY

AN ASSISTANT FOOTBALL COACH'S ALLEGED SEX CRIMES AGAINST YOUNG BOYS PUT A PRESTIGIOUS UNIVERSITY IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

It's the shock heard 'round the world. Pennsylvania State University is experiencing not only the school's biggest hardship ever but possibly the most despicable scandal in collegiate history. It all began on November 4, 2011, with a grand jury's 40-count indictment of former Penn State assistant football coach Jerry Sandusky, who has been accused of sexually abusing ten boys over a 15-year period.

By the next day, Sandusky, 67, was arrested and taken into custody. He was later freed on $100,000 unsecured bond.

In addition, Athletic Director Tim Curley and Vice-President for Finance and Business Gary Schultz were charged with perjury and failure to report Sandusky's suspicious locker room activities to the authorities. The two administrators stepped down from their positions, and Penn State said it would be paying for their legal fees, angering many students and local residents. President Graham Spanier said the men had his "unconditional support."

However, Curley and Schultz weren't the only lofty PSU figures who'd lose their jobs in the week to come. After abruptly announcing on November 9 that Spanier was no longer the university's president, the Board of Trustees had an even bigger announcement to make. They told a roomful of media and students that iconic head football coach Joe Paterno had been fired.

Paterno had numerous accomplishments in his lengthy career, but students feel he was more than a football coach. He donated and raised money to help build the Pattee and Paterno Library on campus. Until the Sandusky scandal erupted, Peachy Paterno was an ice cream flavor at the university's creamery. Paterno is known for always encouraging academics over sports or other activities. In recognition of the marks he's left on the university, a Joe Paterno statue stands outside Beaver Stadium. Rumors, however, have been circulating over the possibility that the university will take down the statue. But for now, it remains.

The announcement of Paterno's firing prompted a small percentage of students (around 2,000) to riot. They hit the streets of downtown State College (the town in which the university is located), eventually tipping over and destroying a media truck. Two nights later came a more reverent gathering. More than 10,000 students converged on the Old Main lawn to hold a candlelight vigil for the alleged victims.

The scandal and the ensuing media coverage have evoked various emotions on campus. Feelings range from a defensive pride in the university to confusion, anger and disappointment—sometimes even all four at once.

At Beaver Stadium, the November 12 PSU-University of Nebraska showdown was more than just a football game. Students rallied together, wearing blue in honor of child abuse victims.

After Nebraska's players ran onto the field, the Penn State Nittany Lions and interim head coach Tom Bradley walked onto the field arm-in-arm. The two teams met at the 50-yard line, created a circle and prayed as the crowd of more than 100,000 stood in silence. Who's to say that the somber mood of the campus didn't contribute to Penn State's defeat by the Cornhuskers 17-14?

Although the scandal has hit Penn State hard, the student body has continued to rally behind not only the university but also efforts to increase awareness of child abuse. So far, over $480,000 has been raised for RAINN (Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network).

The scandal and the ensuing media coverage have evoked various emotions on campus. Feelings range from a defensive pride in the university to confusion, anger and disappointment—sometimes even all four at once. Some PSU students even feel they have been misrepresented in the public eye because of national and local reporting on the Jerry Sandusky case. There are also students who feel the media has "missed the mark" by focusing too much on Paterno.

Besides lamenting the fact that such a scandal could happen, students feel that firing Joe Paterno was a bit premature. A grand jury indictment simply details the prosecution's account of what it believes (or is led to believe) happened. It doesn't mean that anything or everything stipulated is true, and it certainly doesn't include the defense's side of the allegations. For that reason, some students believe that summarily dismissing Paterno was wrong.

"JoePa," who started as an assistant in 1949, was the Nittany Lions' head coach since the start of the 1965 season. Paterno's devotion to his players, the university and the surrounding area is legendary. However, in an instant, that was all taken away from him by the Board of Trustees.

Students have expressed their feelings on the case, with many saying it isn't right that Paterno was fired despite doing what was legally required of him. Meanwhile, Sandusky told the *New York Times*: "These allegations are false. I didn't do those things. I'm not the monster everyone made me out to be. I didn't engage in sexual acts."

But there's one harsh reality: No matter how the judicial process unfolds, life at Penn State will never be the same.

Brittany Corl is a Pennsylvania State University junior. As a major in broadcast journalism, her studies include being a reporter, producer and anchor at *Centre County Report*, a Web site that provides news and information and also functions as a real-time laboratory for PSU students looking to kick-start their careers.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

VICTORIA BELLE

NORTH CAROLINA CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

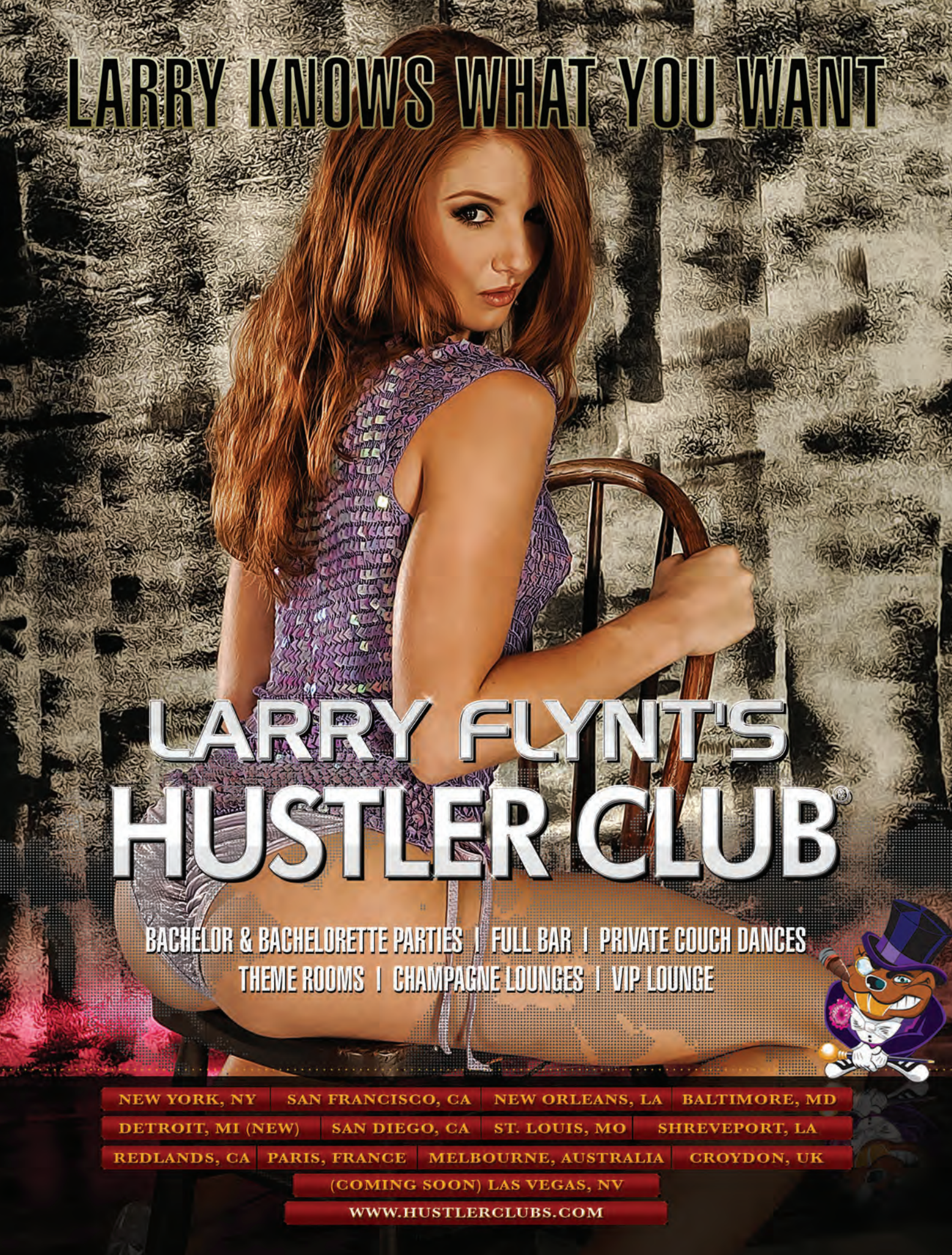
Victoria readily admits that her life has taken a 180-degree turn since she graduated from high school. "I was a total nerd before then," the NCCU junior recalls. "Glasses, buckteeth, flat chest, flat ass—the whole nine yards. And even though I got contact lenses and braces when I was 15, I didn't get all my curves until hitting 19."

Majoring in history with a concentration in African-American studies, the self-confident 21-year-old is already brimming with future plans. "A career in law is a possibility for me," Victoria avows, "but I've also thought about becoming a college professor or living in New York City or Los Angeles to further pursue modeling." (Check out the 5-foot-6 vixen's portfolio at **VictoriaBelle.me**.)

Hitting the books and looking luscious in front of the camera keep Victoria busy, so she really likes to unwind. One way is by rooting for her favorite basketball team, not the low-key NCCU Eagles but the national powerhouse University of North Carolina Tar Heels. (The two schools are around 11 miles apart.) "I love UNC basketball!" Victoria howls. "I've been a die-hard fan my entire life. Go team!"

And when it's time for a one-on-one game behind closed doors, our awesome-looking scholar delights in intelligent conversation—but getting back to basics can be a plus too. As Victoria fesses up with a seductive smirk, "Hey, I'm a screamer. And if you have me screaming your name, then you're definitely doing it right!"

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOGRAPHY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MAGIC WANDA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

"I've been an exhibitionist all my life," says **Wanda**, "especially where older men are concerned." And when a girl's got an inclination to show off what she's got, there's no holding her back. For years, **Wanda** dreamed of becoming a HUSTLER centerfold. It's something that many girls fantasize about, but few possess that special magic required to make their fantasies come true. **Wanda** is one girl who made it, and now **Wanda**'s magic can be seen by the world. Lucky world! Lucky **Wanda**!

Special Third Anniversary Issue
MERCY OR MURDER?
WHO KILLED MARTIN LUTHER KING?
WILLIE NELSON: OUTLAW MUSIC
First Time Ever
SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF
Centerfold
HUSTLER
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

WILLIE NELSON: OUTLAW MUSIC
First Time Ever
SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF
Centerfold
JOHN HENRY FAULK ON OBSCENITY
THE NEW CHARLES MANSON
COCKFIGHTING IN AMERICA
HUSTLER

Special Third
Anniversary
Issue
WARNING:
Explicit Photos in
This Issue May
Be Offensive
to Certain Adults

HUSTLER

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University of Cologne study that compared CBD head-to-head with an approved antipsychotic medication in patients diagnosed with schizophrenia. This German study found that CBD was equally effective in decreasing psychotic symptoms with fewer side effects.

Individuals genetically vulnerable to schizophrenia may self-medicate with cannabis early in their illness for symptom relief. The failure of psychiatric researchers to consider this possibility results in a bias toward viewing marijuana use as the cause of later mental illness.

Until recently, California was the only state that did not discriminate against persons with mental illness in its medical cannabis law, which allows physicians to recommend herbal cannabis for debilitating mental health symptoms. But in 2009, New Mexico added post-traumatic stress disorder to its list of conditions for which a physician (or nurse practitioner) could recommend cannabis as medicine. As a psychiatrist with extensive experience prescribing FDA-approved medications to target trauma-related mental health symptoms in combat veterans and others, I consider the New Mexico decision to be an important step forward in making therapeutic alternatives available to those patients.

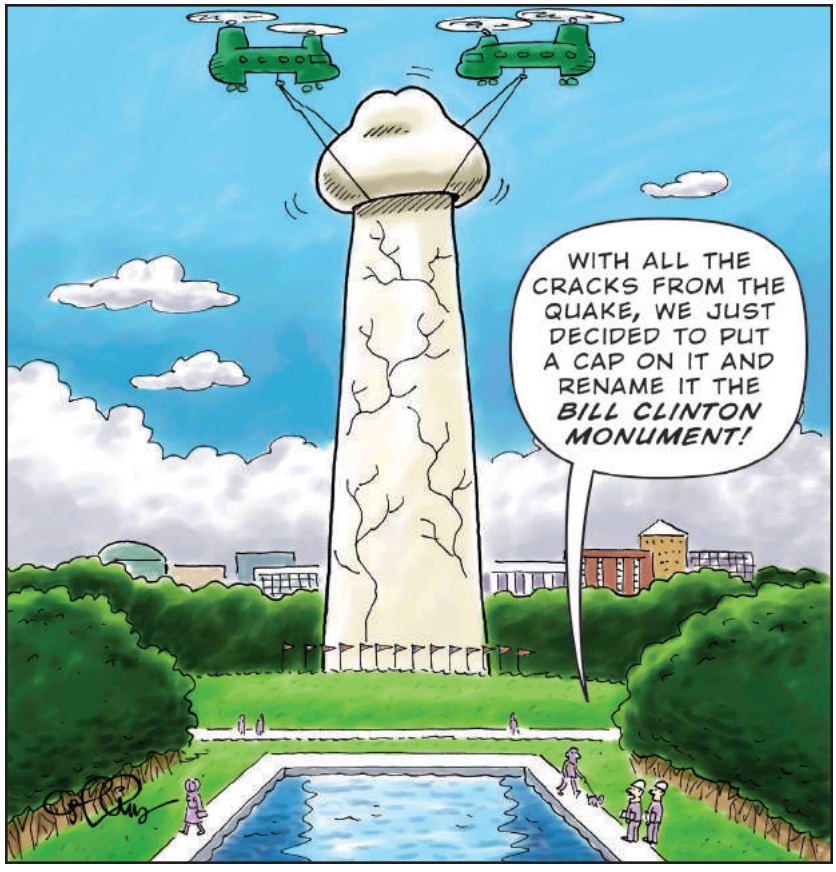
Regulatory labeling informing consumers about THC and CBD concentrations would better serve those with mental health issues and would do more for public health generally than the current, criminalizing federal policy of strict prohibition. California's medicinal cannabis producers are beginning to label and standardize their products—which include liquid whole herbal cannabis extracts—in terms of THC and CBD concentrations. This evolving interest in product measurement, standardization and quality control helps build the case for commercial integration or full legalization within a tax-and-regulate framework. In October 2011, the California Medical Association announced its support for policy change in this direction.

Current economic circumstances invite comparisons with the Great Depression. Weary of the bloodshed stemming from illegal booze and the public health hazards of nonregulation, the America that embraced President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal also repealed alcohol prohibition. The realities of our time prompt us to acknowledge that drug criminalization, which never really works anyway, is unaffordable. Cannabis is the low-hanging fruit of drug-policy reform; and medical marijuana is so ripe, it's falling off the trees in front of us.

Christopher Glenn Fichtner, M.D., is a board-certified psychiatrist with practices in California and Illinois. His book *Cannabinomics: The Marijuana Policy Tipping Point* (Well Mind Books, 2010) is available at **Cannabinomics.com**.

DISCLAIMER: The ideas expressed in this article are those of the author, are for informational and entertainment purposes only, and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.

ANY POOR BLACK MAN OUT HERE WHO VOTES FOR A REPUBLICAN OUGHT TO BE SHOT!
KNOWING HOW THE REPUBLICANS FEEL ABOUT POOR, BLACK MEN, THEY PROBABLY WILL SHOOT HIM.
WINNERS



HAYDEN HAWKENS

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COMING NEXT

3 REPORTS: OCCUPY EVICTIONS COAST TO COAST

NEW YORK CITY: Journalist Christopher Ketcham, who recounts the NYPD's heavy-handed raid on the Occupy Wall Street encampment, discusses the politics of disruption and the future of nationwide protests against corporate greed.

DENVER: As SiriusXM radio host Mike Feder reports, an ugly display of police force trumped free expression when the Mile High City's occupiers were ordered to disperse. According to one demonstrator, the cops were "hunting us down like dogs."

LOS ANGELES: Refusing to cower in a press "safety"—i.e., restricted-viewing—zone, HUSTLER reporter Jordan David hit the streets to detail police use of batons during its "military-like" operation to evict Occupy L.A. protesters.

NYOMI BANXXX: AMBITIOUS PORN STAR, SLUT, ACTRESS, SINGER OR WHATEVER

"I want to continue what I set out to do, which was take over the world," vows Nyomi Banxxx. Thanks to her stellar career as an adult-film firebrand, the former social worker is building a mainstream entertainment empire. Spending a briefly tantalizing day with Nyomi, porn aficionado Mark Johnson gets the actress, singer and devoted mother to open up. Topics range from her R-rated movie projects and religious convictions to why she has to be careful when doing blowjob scenes.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE TO EAT?

If it bugs you knowing that sleeping humans annually ingest around a dozen insects, here's more to stomach. A United Nations agency says 1,000 species of them are a healthy food source. Do you think fried locusts, grasshopper tacos and chocolate chirp cookies are destined to be dietary staples? Journalist M. Allen Nathan will fill you in.

WHEN PORN WASN'T JUST PURE SMUT

Back in the 1970s and '80s, a handful of visionaries churned out plot-driven blue movies that would have been widely praised had they not interjected explicit sex. Josh Hadley looks back at an array of standouts, most notably Anthony Spinelli's *SexWorld* and *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*—directed by Gerard Damiano of *Deep Throat* fame.

MR. FISH: HOW TO WIN CONTEMPT AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

For nearly two decades, cartoonist Mr. Fish has satirized politics, religion, authority and culture. Unlike his counterparts, whom he labels "polite hecklers of despicable men," Mr. Fish strives to give the whole damn planet a firm shake. See for yourself as we showcase a gaggle of his thought-provoking 'toons.